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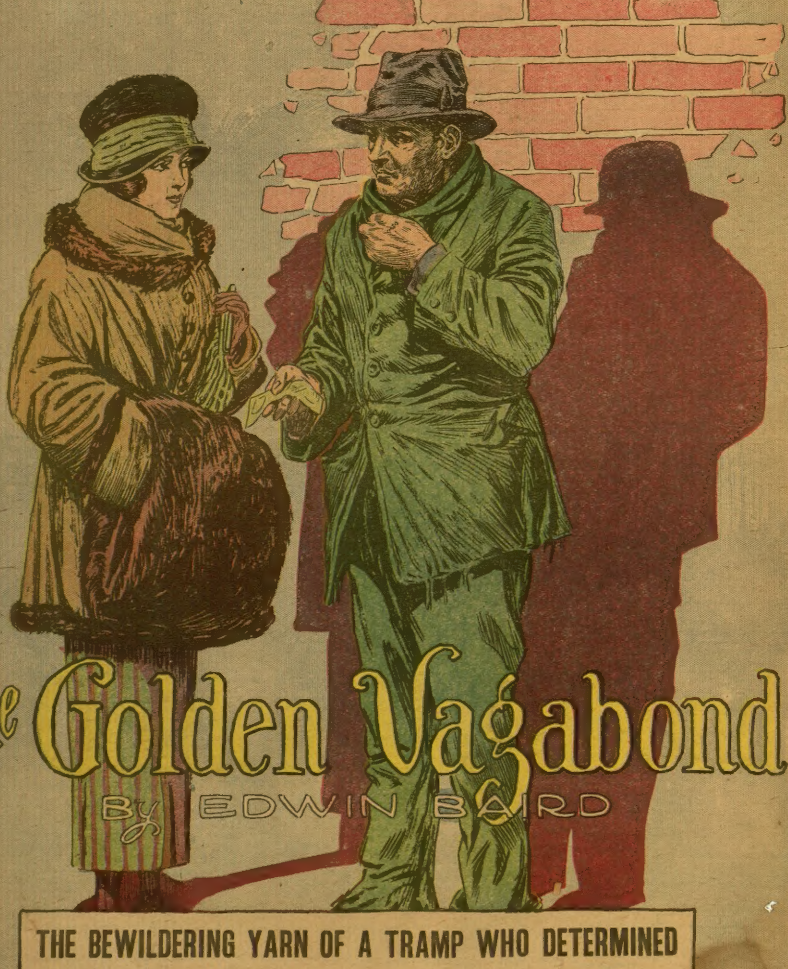

The Golden Vagabond

By EDWIN BAIRD

THE BEWILDERING YARN OF A TRAMP WHO DETERMINED TO COUNT HIS FORTUNE IN SEVEN FIGURES

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS.

Necessary evils are often blessings in disguise.

The less a man says the more he means it.

The smaller the man the harder he tries to get even.

Men make money and women make them hand it over.

The average milk pail refuses to upset until it gets full.

When a doctor gives a patient hope he expects pay for it.

Many a man who is sure he is right is unable to go ahead.

Much charity ends with the bestowal of a sympathetic smile.

Any man can make a fool of himself by trying to act smart.

Babies are coupons of interest attached to bonds of matrimony.

Many a woman keeps a dark secret in a bottle labeled "hair dye."

Many a woman walks on her pride because she has small feet.

There should be music in every home—except the one next door.

Nothing is so uncertain as the certainty of certain politicians.

Bachelors frequently rail against the married state, but spinsters never.

When December weds May, the latter is apt to forget that she is Mrs. December.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and so does every man, woman and child on earth.

Never judge a man's knowledge of human nature by the opinion he has of himself.

It is easier for a man to acquire a bad reputation than it is for his children to live it down.

Nothing hurts a woman more than to have a man tell her that she is nothing but a woman.

When it comes to keeping appointments you will invariably find the bill collector on the spot.

Occasionally a man thinks it is cheaper to marry his stenographer than to increase her salary.

A mother-in-law's will power may keep a man good—if she has the power to will a few thousand dollars.

People who are looking for trouble are fortunate in one respect at least—they seldom meet with disappointment.

Many a crooked man is supposed to be perfectly straight because other men are unable to "get onto his curves."

The sooner a man gets rid of the idea that he was cut out for a political leader the sooner he will become a useful citizen.

The Scrúblady Assumes the Editor's Task

NAU I thogt the editor was fuling wen he came outen his dure and saze to me Mrs. Milligan you gottoo rite my edittors Tak this week I rote a pome which saze how I saw the skrub lady comin down the hawl and maid her take mi place and rite my edittors Tak

But he wasnnt fuling at all for he tuk away mi sudds and pale and maid me sit down at his masheen and told me to rite about ennythin that wud inderest the reeders of the Leddger

Mayybe its a joak of sum kind but I Mrs. Milligan have been in thes hear Leddger offizes long before this edditor and lots of uther edditors came and Im a respectible widow and I was skrubbin the Leddger flures when this yung fello was rollin around in his krib. criing for his bottal and if its a joak on me I will go strate to Mr. Tailor and kwit or have this edditor put out of the plaze

But it dont seam to beno joak becas I can here him sckrubbin away outsid the offiz door and sayin all sorts of things that sounds exakly like my man Pat gone to his rest twenty year this spring.

But he wants me to rite about somethin what will inderest the Leddger reeders he saze hes out of idees wich to me Mrs. Milligan is ridikilus I been reedin this edditors Taks since he kom heze and commensd to pik out the storees and I never see that he saze nothin at all but he must be awrful hard pressd wen heze willin to skrub the flures to get outen writin his Tak wich flures is somethin terrble now that theres so menny young ladys emploid by the Leddger wich is always runnin down the Hawl to speek to our Mr. Tailor nau its funny wen we had only men there wasnnt near so mutch busness wat had to be transakted in the manadjin edditors room but nau that theres so menny young ladys here they seam to keep runnin bak and forth to tak busness with our Mr. Tailor wich same makes the flures mutch harder to skrub and prices is so high now that with the exter work I Mrs. Milligan thinks I shud have more monney acct the young ladyes runnin into Mr. Tailors and I wunder wud Mr. Tailor raze my waiges if I ast him

But this iz not writin no Edittors Tak but im goin to tell yuze all a sekret now im goin to rite along ennyway jus sose that edditor will get the hole Hawl skrubbed it will teech him a lessen thinkin heze capibull to skrub the Leddger flures wy ennywun can rite these Taks but it taiks wat these flytee artists call Tekkneek to skrub flures soaz to keep the sudds always going away from you I mrs. Milligan have long got out of that class of skrubwimmen wat has to carry soft velwet padds around with them to put on their neeze I mrs. Milligan after skrubbing flures for twenty year ever since my Pat died have got the tuffest neeze in the bizziness I can skrub on sement or tile or brik for haurs and never think of no nee pads like theze young wimmen wat is ruinine the gaim tryin to orgeneyes us skrubwomen into a Yunion my neeze shows I done faithful servis for twenty years in the Leddger offis and neither Mr. Tailor nor enny other young upstart can tell me Mrs. Milligan I dont know my bussness

But the edditor is up to the dure now and heze talkin something awful if Mr. Tailor was here he wud never stand for it I new his little pink neeze wud never stand that there sement floor wy he dont know wen heze well off nothin to do but rite these here Taks each week and read hundereds of inderesdin stories wat comes in on every mail if it wasnt for the likes of Me Mrs. Milligan and thousans like me there wudnt be enny Leddger because——

But youll have to ezkuse me the edditor is standing in the dure way all perspirin and a strokin of his neeze he saze heel rite the Tak after this and for heavens saik will I finish the flure for him.

That will I do for its us that keeps all busness goin—us that skrubs the flures. MRS. MILLIGAN

But We Didn't, Mr. Baird

1721 Boomer Place, Evanston, Ill.

My Dear Editor:

My life hasn't been very eventful, and I'm afraid that anything I might write about it would not excite your readers, but I'm glad to do the best I can, and I only hope you will revamp what I am going to write and contribute to it a dash of interest.

I was born in Chattanooga, Tenn., and caught the writer's itch at a tender age. I was about 11, as I remember, when I constructed a lengthy poem (in which the words really rhymed) and sent it to a Nashville magazine, published by Bob Taylor. Bob wisely declined it, and my literary longing languished for a space. It broke forth again, however, with renewed violence. This time I abandoned the poetic form of expression and tried prose. Again rebuffed, I deserted literature and left it lying flat on its back.

But not for long. At 21 I started writing in earnest, determined to make my living at it and met with prompt success. Robert H. Davis of Munsey's accepted my first short story, and he's accepted a great many others since, and pretty soon the sight of my stuff in print (which once thrilled me to the marrow) ceased to be a novelty. And I've now reached the point where I seldom, if ever, read my stories after they are published.

Two of my novels have been published in England and in three foreign languages, "including the Scandinavian," and my London agent is now arranging for similar publication of a third.

"The Golden Vagabond" was written at fever heat. The idea had been kicking around in my head for a year or more, but once I began writing it out as a novel I couldn't rest until I'd finished the job—and I did finish it in about five weeks. Maybe that's a record for writing a full-length novel. Maybe not. Anyway, I worked double shifts—from 7 in the morning till 11 at night—in doing it.

As for the rest, I live in Evanston and am happily married, raise chickens and a garden, pay taxes and coal bills, and am otherwise tiresomely respectable. I've never been able to make money as rapidly as Daniel Fitzhugh, who encountered slight difficulty in increasing a dollar to ten millions, and perhaps it's just as well that I can't. At any rate I think I'm as happy as he ever was.

My greatest happiness is in writing stories; and I have just as much zest for writing now as I had twelve years ago—often more.

I haven't any particular likes or dislikes—except that I'm fond of fried chicken and blue neckties, and I loathe free verse and cabbage worms. I sleep outdoors the year 'round, take a cold shower bath every morning and write three thousand words, more or less, almost every day.

You see, friend Editor, there's nothing very startling about me or my work—nothing that'll make a bright, snappy sketch. And that's the reason why I'm depending on you to "touch it up a bit," as we say in the newspaper game. Go as far as you like, and good luck to you!

With all best wishes, faithfully,
EDWIN BAIRD.

Dodging Shop.

THEY struck up a conversation in the hotel lobby and finally one man suggested a trip to the movies. The other politely declined.

"Don't you want to see Viola Vampire?"

"Nope."

"Nor Yorick Hamm in his latest comedy?"

"Nope."

"What's the matter, my friend? Aren't you interested in the various stars?"

"Not this evening. I'm an astronomer taking a night off."

* * *

The Appealing Factor.

THE only son's engagement had just been announced.

Sis—"Absolutely no class!"

Ma—"Why, that girl lives in Fargo!"

Auntie—"She's going to be fat."

Uncle—"Bow-legged, that's what she is."

First Cousin—"Can't see her for dust—she's stuck up."

Son (thoughtfully)—"Well, there's one good thing about her."

Chorus—"What's that?"

Son—"She hasn't a relative on earth."

Pa—"Grab her, my boy, grab her."

Better Late Than Never.

ILLUSTRATING the dilatoriness of artists, a story is told of Whistler. A certain duke commissioned Whistler to paint his wife and infant son. Whistler worked on the painting and after a while announced that no more sittings were required, and the finished work would be sent home in a few days. But days, weeks, months, years passed, and the duke could not get his picture. Finally he caught Whistler in Pall Mall one afternoon and the painter said: "I find that one more sitting is necessary. If the duchess will bring the baby to my studio one day next week——"

"The duchess," said the duke, "will be most happy to give you another sitting. The baby, however, is in the army!"

* * *

That Was Enough.

"PA," INQUIRED William, "what is a burlesque?"

"A burlesque, son," replied the father, "is a take-off."

"Take off what?"

"Henry," interrupted the mother, who had been listening to the conversation, "if you are going to answer that question I will leave the room."

Taken on Faith.

"I JUST heard an orator say that he believed in his fellow man," said Dingle as he sipped his soda thru a straw.

"The poor altruist!" exclaimed Tobey, who was waiting for his nut sundae.

"And he goes even farther than that," pursued Dingle. "He believes anything his fellow man tells him."

"How does he get that way?" queried Tobey cynically. "You can't mean that he actually believes anything he's told?"

"Yes, sir. He's the most wonderful soul I ever met. His confidence in his kind cannot be shattered. And, do you know, I'm getting to be the same way."

"You don't say! You don't mean to tell me that you're going to the extreme your friend has?"

"I am," said Dingle emphatically. "It is a beautiful frame of mind to be in. Trusting the world will give me wonderful peace of mind."

"You mean until you come to," corrected Tobey. "See here, Dingle, coming in on the train this morning I saw a sign that hit me in the eye. It read: 'Suits $25. All wool.' Do you believe in signs?

"Coming across town I passed thirty-five restaurants on each of which was lettered: 'Home Cooking.' Do you believe it? As I entered the lobby of my office building I met the wife of a friend of mine. I asked for her husband and she told me that he was very tired. Hadn't got home last night until 3 a. m. He was sitting up with a sick friend. Do you believe that?

"I called at the office of a man I wished to see. His secretary told me he was out. Would you believe her—especially after you saw him thru the door?

"I returned to the street and entered a hat shop. I intentionally picked out a green fedora three sizes too big for me, tried it on and immediately two salesmen dashed up and said it looked fine on me. Would you believe them?

"Going home I bought two pounds of coffee and paid twice as much for it as I had three years ago. I asked why. The man told me he had heard there was a frost in Brazil or something. Brother, I ask you would you——"

"No!" shouted Dingle. "I wouldn't. You're right, and my friend is wrong. He's a boob. He's one of the kind that is born every minute. From now on I'll believe nothing. It'll be 'show me'."

"Listen," said Tobey in a stage whisper. "A friend of mine told me that over at the yacht club they have a new and refreshing beverage that brings back old recollections."

"I don't believe him," snapped Dingle.

"Neither do I," replied Tobey, "but I'm willing to give a friend like that the benefit of the doubt."

* * *

Risky for the Aggressor.

"WHAT we want to get at," began the counsel, "is who was the aggressor?"

'Eh?' asked the brawny-looking witness, puzzled.

"Let me illustrate my meaning," said counsel. "Suppose I met you in the street and struck you in the face. I should be the aggressor."

"You'd be a bloomin' fool," remarked the witness, with growing emphasis.

"No, no!" said counsel, with heightened color. "You don't understand. I was speaking only in the abstract. Suppose we met, and, without provocation, I struck you, I should be committing an act of aggression."

The laborer hunched his huge shoulders. "You'd be committin' suicide, mister," he remarked grimly.

* * *

A Signal Error.

A WOMAN hailed a tramcar conductor in the excited manner customary with many of her sex, but the car did not stop until some of the people inside had called attention of the conductor to the fact that the woman wished to enter. As she got in she glanced at the man indignantly.

"Why didn't you stop the car for me?" she snapped.

"How was I to know you wanted to get on?" asked the conductor.

"Didn't you see me swinging my arms and jumping up and down, waving my umbrella?"

"Of course. Could any one help seeing you?"

"Then why didn't you stop?"

"Because I thought you were dancing to that street organ!"

* * *

Better Than Nothing.

THE moonlight shone on the lonely house on the hill, where all was peacefully hushed in sleep.

A dark form sat in the shadow of the hedge. Suddenly he moved as a soft whistle heralded some one's approach.

"That you, mate?" he whispered hoarsely, as a stealthy figure approached in the darkness.

"Yus," came the answer.

"What yer doin' with that dorg?" he muttered, as his burglar pal approached.

"Well," answered his confederate, "there's nothing worth taking in the 'ouse, and it's bad luck to come away empty-'anded, so I brought along the watchdog and these burglar alarms!"

The Golden Vagabond

BY EDWIN BAIRD

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CHAPTER I.

THE UNPOLISHED DIAMOND.

DANIEL wasn't thinking of Chicago's cold March wind. It tore at him angrily, snapped viciously at his rags, pierced him to the marrow; but he paid it no attention. Daniel was thinking of something else. He was thinking of the time when he had worn good clothes, had eaten good food, had slept warm in winter and had spent money lavishly all the year 'round. And now he was penniless, friendless, miserably clad, with no place to sleep and nothing to eat—a vagabond.

With a brief sigh, he put these saddening thoughts aside and strode across the Rush street bridge with a certain care-free jauntiness. There was something leonine in the easy, graceful swing of his body, something suggesting iron virility. He was 24 years of age, more than 6 feet tall, and his face seemed stanch and handsome despite its five days' growth of beard. His eyes, tho dark as night, reminded one of smoldering fires.

What, then, had brought him to this pass? Daniel knew, but he scarcely dared admit it—even to himself.

At the south end of the bridge he paused and surveyed a tattered poster flapping in the icy wind against a bleak brick wall. It bore the words, "Subscribe to the Victory Liberty Loan." Daniel smiled in a queer way.

"How long ago it seems," he mused, "since the Great War ended! I remember the day the armistice was signed."

His wistful flow of thought abruptly ceased. From the tail of his eye he saw a city detective, Pat Kelly, approaching. He knew Kelly, and Kelly knew him. And Kelly was coming straight toward him.

Daniel, realizing the need for swift action, turned quickly aside and started precipitately across the street—and, in his eager haste to elude the detective, he plunged directly in the path of a high-powered limousine, hurtling across the bridge.

Things happened quickly. It was too late to sidestep the onrushing machine, too late to stop it, and the chauffeur, in a frantic effort to avoid running him down, jerked wildly at his steering wheel; the big car veered, dashed diagonally across the street, and smashed slap-bang against the brick wall.

The hood of the car was caved in, the lamps demolished, the front wheels broken and the axle twisted; but to the occupants no harm had come. Daniel, forgetting caution in the moment's excitement, stepped swiftly to the limousine and peered inside. A girl sat there, clearly much frightened; and Daniel, beholding her, experienced a sudden quickening of the heart, wholly unexplainable. He gazed upon her in mute admiration. She was unquestionably the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

But now, all at once, he was seized from behind by Detective Kelly, whom he had quite forgotten.

"Come along, Dan," growled Kelly. "The Judge'll be wantin' to see you."

"All right," answered Daniel, still gazing, enraptured, at the girl.

For a moment her clear blue eyes surveyed him curiously. Then she opened the door and stepped out.

"Are you going to arrest this man?" she asked, addressing Detective Kelly.

"I've already arrested him, Miss."

"On what charge?"

Kelly chuckled from a corner of his mouth. "Obstructin' the trafic would be a good charge."

The girl didn't smile. "You may release him," she said distinctly. "I sha'n't prosecute."

Kelly gaped at her. "You won't, eh? Why not?"

"It wasn't his fault. Nobody's been hurt, anyway."

The nonplussed detective importantly extracted a memorandum-book and pencil from his pocket. "What's your name, Miss?" he blustered.

"Kathleen Sterrett. And now please go away. I want to speak to this young man."

During this talk Daniel had regarded her in rapt silence. He noted her Titian hair, her limpid blue eyes, her roseleaf complexion, her exquisite features; and his pulse beat faster as his glowing eyes drank in her beauty. And then, with the departure of Kelly, she turned and looked at him; and as his eyes met hers a delirious thing flamed ecstatically in his brain: "I love you!"

It quickly passed, however, for she was looking at his rags and grimy face in frank disgust. In another moment, his skin prickled hotly with shame: she had opened her reticule and was offering him a dollar bill.

"Take this money," she said, "and buy some soap with it. You're the dirtiest man I ever saw."

He backed away, shaking his head, muttering confusedly: "No, no!"

"Take it!" she urged, pressing the dollar upon him. "Get a shave and a bath. Heaven knows you need both!"

Again he was about to refuse the dollar; but now, quite suddenly, a new thought came—a swift, tho mighty, resolution—and counseled otherwise. He drew himself up, squared his shoulders and gazed deep into her eyes. His face had grown stern and resolute.

"Very well," he said, speaking slowly and distinctly, "I will take it. And some day I'll come back to you, with this dollar multiplied ten million times!"

And he took the bill from her fingers and walked hurriedly away from her.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOADSTONE.

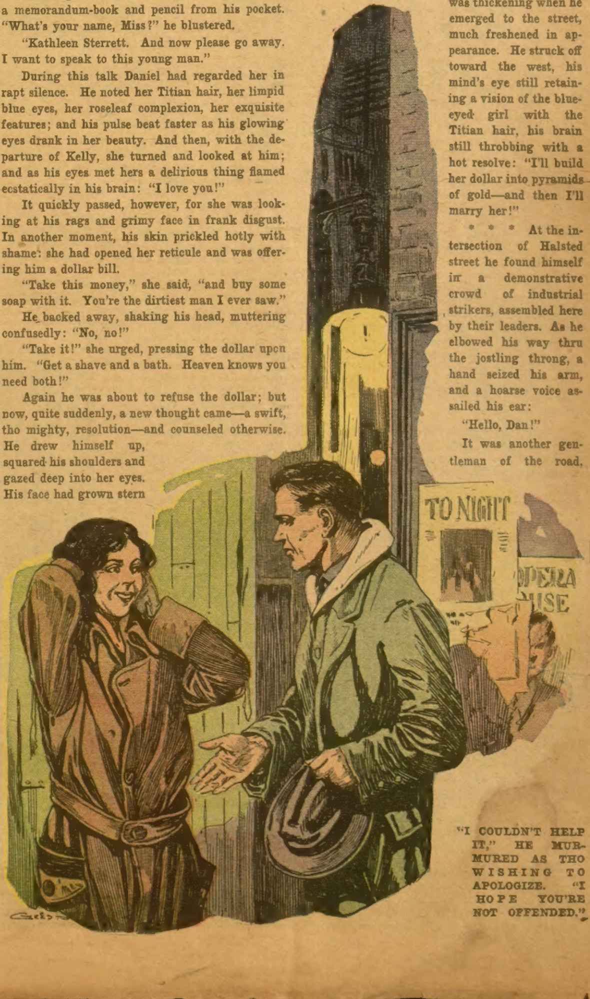
DANIEL went forthwith to a barber shop in West Madison street, where a haircut, bath and shave might be purchased for 60 cents. Dusk was thickening when he emerged to the street, much freshened in appearance. He struck off toward the west, his mind's eye still retaining a vision of the blue-eyed girl with the Titian hair, his brain still throbbing with a hot resolve: "I'll build her dollar into pyramids of gold—and then I'll marry her!"

* * *

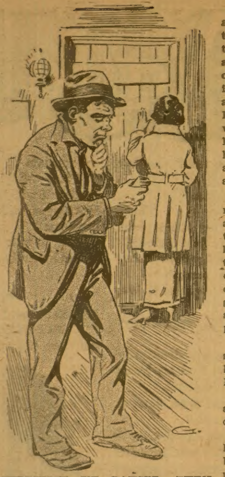
At the intersection of Halsted street he found himself in a demonstrative crowd of industrial strikers, assembled here by their leaders. As he elbowed his way thru the jostling throng, a hand seized his arm, and a hoarse voice assailed his ear:

"Hello, Dan!"

It was another gentleman of the road,



"I COULDN'T HELP IT," HE MURMURED AS THO WISHING TO APOLOGIZE. "I HOPE YOU'RE NOT OFFENDED."



SUDDENLY HE PAUSED, THEN STOOPED AND PICKED UP A SMALL ROLL OF MONEY.

"Cincinnati Pete" by nickname, carrying a newspaper parcel under his arm.

Daniel touched the parcel. "What have you there, Pete?"

Pete cautiously displayed a white gymnasium sweater. "I'm tryin' to peddle it. On me uppers. Don't wanta buy it, do you, Dan?"

"Maybe I do. Wait till I try it on."

They made their way to a nearby alley and vanished into its dark mouth. A few minutes later they reappeared. Daniel wore the snow-white sweater—and the magical dollar, given to him by the blue-eyed girl, had dwindled to twenty cents. But he was not dismayed. He had made a good start for the ten-million-dollar goal.

A platoon of policemen, marching five abreast and armed with night-sticks, had drawn up on the outskirts of the crowd. This was part of a precautionary measure taken by the chief of police.

There was a stir in the crowd. A parade was forming. Illuminated box-signs began bobbing up and down over the sea of heads, like corks in turbulent waters. Those who were merely onlookers, prompted by curiosity, were pressed back to the pavements by the police; the balance fell in behind the torch-bearers, and the march was on. Then came a surprise. The police had been given to understand that the jobless men would march once around the Loop and disband on the Lake Front. But it was now seen this was not their plan. Instead of turning east, the leaders turned west, and all along the line the cry arose "Smulski's Hall!"

The police quickly formed single file and marched on either side of them, their well-drilled steps mingling incongruously with the shuffling tread of the paraders. The sidewalks became choked with the hangers-on; doorways filled with spectators, heads appeared in upper windows; there were cat-calls and hoots and jeers for the police, and cheers for the parading non-workers.

Fitzhugh fell in with the surging mass, and, like it, became imbued with the spirit of "On to Smulski's Hall!"

IN FRONT of the rendezvous a large crowd was already collected; the new arrivals swelled it threefold. Then, by that curious form of thought transference which often animates big gatherings, word went thru the crowd that the hall was filled. And fully five thousand wanted admittance. As by a single impulse, the crowd became a seething, clamoring, blind mob that surged this way and that, trampling the weak underfoot, crushing, struggling, swearing, without reason or purpose.

By sheer strength Fitzhugh wedged his way to the protection of a door, which, being partly open, gave way before the impact of his body, precipitating him into a narrow hall-way. He regained his feet in a second and, stepping outside, closed the door and stood with his back against it.

The next moment a singular thing happened. From out that frenzied mob, like a ship tossed by a restless sea into a haven of safety, a woman was swept squarely into his arms. For a bare moment he held her, flushed and palpitating, in a close embrace. Then he released her, and saw her hat was missing and that her clothing was torn and disarrayed.

She laughed, a little hysterically, and—obeying woman's universal impulse in moments of stress—her hands flew to her disordered hair.

"Thank you!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"I couldn't help it," he murmured, as tho wishing to apologize. "I hope you're not offended?"

"Offended?" She laughed again, still breathing rapidly, and looked up at him, with a hairpin in her mouth.

The rays of a near-by street-lamp fell athwart her face, and he saw her skin was dark, her hair raven, her eyes black as night. Her forehead, unusually broad and high for a woman, and her cast of features denoted uncommon intellect.

He decided she was about his age—or perhaps a little older—that she was more interesting than pretty, that she would be a fiery creature were her jealousy aroused; and he looked into her soft glowing black eyes and was glad he had met her. Had he been more discerning he would have seen something else. He would have seen that upon her had been afflicted as acute an attack of "love at first sight" as was ever contracted.

Like angry waves the mob raged about them in their inadequate refuge; and he opened the door, pushed her into the hall-way, and followed, closing the door behind them. At one end of the corridor, in a bracket on the whitewashed wall, a pale gas jet flickered, shedding its sickly light along a dust-carpeted floor.

"You'll find it safer in here," said he; and added with some hesitation: "I—my name is Fitzhugh."

Again she looked up, and again he looked down into her dark eyes.

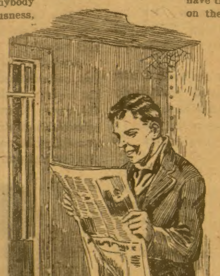
"I am Esther Strom, Mr. Fitzhugh, and I am very happy to know you, even if only for a minute." She held out to him a small, dark hand, and he pressed it in his large, white one. "Are you going inside?" she asked.

"I don't think so," he laughed, and motioned toward the crowd outside. "How can I?"

"You—I might be able to get you in. If you care to go—Oh!" Her hand fumbled excitedly at her neck, then dropped to her side with a little gesture of dismay. "I'm afraid I've lost something. Something I valued very much. It was a brooch—an heirloom."

He struck a match, and together they searched the floor.

"Perhaps you dropped it outside," he suggested, and opened the door leading to the street. She followed just behind, a worried frown on her brow. As the crowd caught sight of them, those nearest the door, eager for anything or anybody upon which to vent their viciousness, greeted them with a volley of Billingsgate and as promptly forgot them. Fitzhugh saw at a glance the folly of trying to look for a lost object under the feet of that mob, and was about to close the door, when there came a different thought. Midway between the door and the alley, against the brick wall of the building, he saw a large packing-case. He studied it, noted it was of strong material reinforced at the corners, and that the arc-lamp in front of Smulski's Hall shone full upon it.



TURNING THE PAGE, HE FOUND A GROUP OF SNAPSHOTS OF HIMSELF IN DIVERS ATTITUDES.

The woman seemed to have forgotten her loss in the rush of some stronger emotion. She stood beside him, gazing at the unclean crowd with wistful eyes, and there shone in their liquid depths a great sadness, and something far rarer besides—sympathy. "You poor, wretched people!" he heard her murmur. "How I wish I could talk to you as I should like to!"

He looked at her quickly. His budding thought burst suddenly into full bloom.

"Perhaps I could do it for you," he offered, his voice betraying his eagerness. "Would you like to hear me try?"

Without waiting for her answer, he elbowed his way to the packing-case, mounted it, drew a deep breath, and stood up to his full height, looking out over the river of faces that flowed down the road and emptied into West Madison street—an unwholesome river that flowed sluggishly. His action was the signal for jeers and hoots, which, springing from throat to throat like the sputtering of a fuse to a gunpowder mine, ended in a long roar of derision. The mob surged about him, herding closer and closer, those behind pressing upon those in front, and their shouts to him being intermingled were indistinct. He waited until the uproar abated, his arms held out, his lips pressed firmly together in a long, straight line. The arc-lamp, beating upon his face, served uncommonly well for a calcium light.

"Fel-low cit-i-zens!" His deep-toned bass boomed up and down the street.

"Good boy!" shouted a man.

"Hire a hall," advised another voice. "I want to sit down."

"Let 'im talk!" yelled a dozen or more.

"Shut up!"

"Pull him down!"

"Keep still! Give 'im a chance!"

Fitzhugh raised his hand for silence, and waited until the outbreak subsided. Then he went on. His voice, deep and sonorous, pronouncing each word very fully and very distinctly, rang out over the disordered crowd like a fog-horn cutting thru a misty night. He trumphed epithets, none of them particularly enlightening, yet delivered as tho they were beacon lights to a darkened world.

It was the old story of noise being mistaken for wisdom, and it inflamed his hearers like fire to dry twigs. When after several minutes of thunder and bombast he brought his address to a whirlwind close, and bowed and turned to climb down, there was a rumbling, mumbling, confused outcry that arose, one solid roar of approbation, and lasted until the givers thereof were hoarse. A dozen of those nearest the box laid hold of him as he reached the ground, and would have lifted him to their shoulders had he not good-naturedly pushed them off. He fought his way thru his newly-made admirers and returned to the woman, whom he saw standing in the doorway, waiting for him.

She pulled him inside, closed the door upon his clamorous followers, and stood with her back against it, looking at him with shining eyes. "I wonder if you will do something for me? I—I want you to speak for us tonight. Won't you, please?" She leaned nearer him, resting her hand on his arm, and her eyes as well as her lips said "please."

"There's a side entrance," she explained. "I have the 'open sesame.' I will take you on the platform with me. You will come, won't you?" Again that pleading of mouth and eye.

"What makes you think I can talk? " he asked, sparring for time.

"I've heard you." She opened the door.

"But you couldn't gather very much from that."

"I gathered enough." She opened the door. "Are you coming?"

"Coming?"—he took her arm, the better to protect her from the jostling throng. "You bet I'm coming. With you!"

CHAPTER III.

THE RED FLAG.

SMULSKI'S Hall was a barn-like structure of one floor. When Daniel rose to make his address, he faced the audience of fully three thousand. He walked to the edge of the platform and stood looking out over that silent sea of upturned faces, with scarcely an idea of what he was to say. Yet he felt a tingling thrill of pleasure that for a moment was as wine to his senses.

The silence lengthened to a minute. Six thousand eyes were focused expectantly upon the young man standing very straight and tall in the center of the platform, his gleaming white sweater no more white than his face. At the back of the platform, Esther Strom leaned forward in her chair,

Below is
WILDCAT KATE MARSDEN.
She owned the most notorious gambling hell and dance hall in Alaska.
She was worth $200,000.
She ruled over the roughest, toughest element of the North.
She had a daughter thousands of miles away.

*****

Read the Remarkable Drama That Wove Itself About These Two Unusual Women in Next Week's Ledger

*****

Below is
JULIA MARSDEN, her daughter.
She lived in a little American country town.
She attended church regularly.
She was engaged to the town minister.
She wanted for nothing, because she enjoyed her mother's profits.
Yet she did not know she had a mother!

"The Daughter of Dance-Hall Kate"

Written by two of America's crack writers

her lips slightly parted, her dark eyes sparking. From that moment until the close of his address her gaze never left his face.

"Comrades!" His vibrant voice, tho pitched low, was heard quite distinctly by every one in the tremendous audience. "There is much I would say to you had I the time. I have very little, and I must be brief."

With this preliminary he charged into his address. His voice, very low at first, swelled fuller and louder and clearer as he spoke, until its resonant ring thundered and echoed thru the mammoth hall. The crowd became as a single body with a single mind, which drank in his words thirstily. He swayed and moved it this way and that with the apparent ease of the wind swaying a field of wheat. It was not what he said, for he said nothing new, but the way he said it that so stirred his auditors. Those who had gone before spoke to the mind. He spoke to the heart. Their speeches had been cool, clear, argumentative. His was fervid, impassioned, inconsequent. It was the difference between the cold, analytical lecture of the practical talker and the slashing burst of eloquence of the born orator.

He finished, and bowed and walked to his seat.

There was a moment's calm before the storm of applause broke. It roared in upon him, wave upon wave, and he stood up, smiling and bowing, to meet it.

Turning, he saw Esther standing a short way off. A slim hand pressed to her breast, she watched him with a sort of wistful pride—the primitive pride of the female for the prowess of her male. As their eyes met, she beckoned him, and he went to her.

"You must let me have him now," she said, smiling upon the admirers who had followed him. "He is my discovery, you know, and there are many things I want to say to him."

"Bring him back soon, Esther," called one of the men—a blotch-skinned, yellow-haired giant called Strunski. "I want to give him literature."

She nodded brightly over her shoulder, and led her captive from the stage into an adjacent room. Once alone with him she seized his hands and raised her face, eager and radiant, to his.

"I knew you could do it—I knew it!"

As he smiled into her ardent eyes he saw something in their liquid black depths that chased the smile from his lips and caused him to draw slightly away, a little disconcerted.

"I knew it all along. And there's something else I know."

"What else do you know—about me?"

"I know that you can be a great man." She had waxed suddenly very earnest. "You have it in you. You are young yet, and you must take what is yours! You owe it to yourself!"

He looked down at her with a quizzical expression.

"What a remarkable woman you are. Why, we don't know each other; we've spoken scarcely a hundred words together. You don't know who I am, what I am——"

"Nor do I care," she interrupted.

"I'll tell you what I am, then. I'm a tramp. If you had seen me this morning you wouldn't have liked me so well. I hadn't shaved for two weeks."

She left him, and walked to the other end of the room. He saw her stoop, saw a swirl of petticoats. In a minute she returned and slipped something in his pocket. He took it out. It was a roll of money.

"No!" He tried to force the money back upon her. "I won't take this."

"Why not?" she asked.

He came close to her and, under cover of putting his arms about her, he slipped, without her noticing, the little wad of currency into an aperture of her dress. It was insecurely held, however, and, unheeded by either, fell to the floor.

"Because," he said quietly, stepping back, "I'll accept no more money from women."

"Oh!" she bit her lip. "Oh, I see!" she ended slowly.

THERE came a heavy pounding on the door leading to the stage, and a deep, masculine voice called "Esther!"

"Isn't there another way out?" asked Daniel. "I don't care to run the gauntlet of that hand-shaking brigade again."

She unbolted a door at the end of the room and disclosed a rickety, wooden staircase, leading to a back alley. He pressed her hand, murmured something about a future meeting, and was gone.

As she closed the door behind him, the door at the other end of the room opened and the yellow-haired Russian, Strunski, entered.

"Esther!" There was an ugly note in his voice.

"Well, Strunski?" She was bolting the door and her back was toward him, but she did not look around.

He strode toward her. His eyes were snapping, his huge body seemed to quiver. Suddenly he paused, then stooped and picked up the small roll of money. He counted it, looked at the girl's back, looked again at the money, and crushing the money in his great hand, thrust his hand in his pocket.

CHAPTER IV.
THE TALISMAN.

DANIEL, leaving Smulski's Hall, seethed with energy. His mind was on fire. His body craved unlimited action. He turned into Halsted street and started northward. It was past midnight, but the west side streets were not deserted.

But it was not the furies that assailed Daniel Futzhugh. It was Ambition stirring within him. The giant had awakened.

Thru garish neighborhoods, teeming with nickel shows, cheap saloons, dancing halls, thru tenement districts, dark and ugly, thru factory quarters, with rows upon rows of monotonous cottages, he stalked like some tireless specter. And ever throbbing in his brain were the words:

"You must build those pyramids of gold!"

This ceaselessly recurrent phrase was the dynamo that drove him forward. His first pause was on a bridge spanning the north branch of the Chicago River. Green, red and white lights shone here and there, glimmering feebly on the murky water. On either side were long, black warehouses, and beyond, dark and mysterious, he caught glimpses of the vast and monstrous city, slumbering now, yet tossing restlessly in its sleep.

He clinched his fist at the city, coiled round him, sinister and forbidding.

"I'll conquer you," he muttered, grinding his teeth. "I'll conquer! Wait!"

He resumed his feverish roving, turning now to the right, now to the left. Presently he noticed the streets and houses were becoming less slovenly, then that they were becoming more respectable. He turned into a broad avenue and continued to walk rapidly—north or south, he knew not which.

A taxi-cab whizzed up the thorofare, making a furious clatter in the still night, and stopped before an apartment house. Drawing near, he saw a young man, of about his own age, in evening dress, arguing hotly with the chauffeur, who was disinclined to yield his point. The young man seemed very drunk. Catching sight of Daniel, he lurched in front of him as he came up, and clutched his sweater.

"I shay, ol' shap," he mumbled thickly, swaying backward as the sweater gave elastically, "won'tcher—hic!—helup fellaw out dif-culty?" He took a firmer grip on the sweater—which apparently suggested another topic. "I shay, m' deah fellaw, what u-u-unique togs f' ev-n wear, what? Hic!"

Daniel glanced at the weak, fatuous face, which barely reached his shoulder, and scowled.

"What's wrong with you and the chauffeur?" he asked gruffly.

"Nozzing. Nozzing 't all. He's a robbaw, 's all!"—striving hard to speak fiercely. "Wantsch—hic!—wantsch hol' fellaw up."

Hereupon the "robber" himself took part, stating his side of the controversy with much volubility and many epithets. As he spoke he eyed appreciatively the strongly-knit figure of Daniel—who presently cut into his hotchpotch of protest and profanity with:

"How far have you brought this man?"

"Four miles."

"How much do you want?"

"Te—eight dollars, blustered the chauffeur.

"Pay him two dollars," said Daniel to the fop.

For a moment it looked as tho the chauffeur would again erupt, but after a second's appreciative appraisal of Daniel's physique he thought better of it, accepted his fare and departed.

The inebriated one, by reason of his vocal impediment, had much difficulty in expressing his extreme gratitude, but finally succeeded in making his benefactor understand that he was most cordially invited to his apartment to partake of refreshment.

"I believe not," said Daniel, curtly.

"Aw, I shay!" protested the other, retaining a precarious hold on the sweater. "Really must have one Scosh—jus' one. Come, now, really—hic!"

"No," said Daniel.

"But you must!" insisted the fop, with a valiant effort to speak emphatically. "Must take somethingsh. Really must! Here!——" From an overcoat pocket he extracted a small, pearl-handled revolver, which he held out to Daniel invitingly. "Take it, ol' dear. Ish yours. Most valuable sing I got. All yours. Small token my esteem, and so forth."

Daniel contemplated the costly weapon, and for a moment thought of taking it. Then he shook his head.

"No. I won't take it as a gift. But I'll tell you what I will do: I'll match you for it. We'll toss a coin. If I win I'll take the revolver. If you win you'll take all the money I have in the world——"

"Oh, I shay!——"

"Not so fast. You don't know how much I've got.' Daniel plucked from his ragged trousers two silver dimes—all that remained of the magical dollar—and balanced one on his thumbnail. "Heads or tails?" he asked.

"Tailsh," murmured the fop, staring fishily.

The coin spun into the air and fell, with a ring, to the sidewalk. Daniel struck a match. Both stooped down and looked at the coin.

"Headsh, by Jove!" exclaimed the looser, apparently delighted, and again held forth the revolver. "Take it, old chappie, and God blesh you!"

Daniel pocketed the dime, took the revolver, and bade the fop "good night" and departed. Exultation sang in his veins—forerunner of other victories to come.

"I've made a good start," he breathed to himself, "toward that ten-million-dollar goal. I'm bathed and shaved, and my hair is cut, and I'm more decently dressed than before; and I own a piece of valuable property. And," he added happily, "I still have 20 cents left from that dollar—from the dollar she gave me."

CHAPTER V.
KISMET.

HE SAT on a Lake Front bench until he judged it opening time for the pawnshops, and some while later entered one of those temples of the three brass balls simultaneously with its proprietor.

"I guess I can take it off your hands, brother, if you want to get rid of it," spoke the proprietor with excessive indifference. "I'll give you fifteen dollars for it."

"No, you won't Moses! It's worth ten times that, and then some, but I don't want your money. Give me the best clothes your shop supplies, and the revolver's yours."

* * * * * * *

ON A fine, spring day the finest promenade in Chicago, and the loneliest, is the Lake Shore Drive. On this particular morning it was very attractive and very desolate. The air was fresh and sparkling, a quickening breeze, happily tempered by the soaring sun, blew off rippling Lake Michigan, and the only sign of life in the nabob's thorofare (if one excepts the sparrows) was an all but penniless young man. Under his arm he carried a newspaper parcel. He wore a well-tailored, and well-worn, tweed suit, a soft hat that also betrayed marks of usage, and shoes, shirt and collar of like description.

But Daniel had done the best he could. The pawn shop's sartorial stock was not of the newest.

There was a resolute glint in his eyes, a resolute expression on his face, as well there might be, for he was more than ever determined now to pyramid Her dollar into ten million.

He stopped before a gray stone mansion of flamboyant architecture surrounded by a twenty-foot cast-iron fence, both of which plainly exploited the idiosyncrasy of some millionaire. One of the lower windows was raised, and thru the shrubbery he saw silhouetted therein an elderly man, white of hair, patrician of aspect, lean of face, reading a newspaper. Daniel peering between the iron rails of fence, regarded him a minute, then laid hold of the mammoth gate, which seemed to weigh tons, swung it back on its huge hinges, walked to the front door, and vigorously worked the knocker.

After an appreciable wait the door was opened.

"What is it?" inquired the butler, who in one brief glance seemed to appraise the caller's financial status and social standing.

"Many things. First, the name of the gentleman who is sitting in the room to my right engrossed in the morning news."

"What is your business?"

"Answer me first!" ordered Daniel sternly, and with such an air of authority that the sapient menial was almost in a panic for fear he had misjudged his man.

"That is Mr. Symington Otis, sir."

"I wish to see him. Be so good as to tell him so."

"Who shall I say, sir?"

"Never mind the name."

The butler was instantly suspicious.

"I am afraid," he demurred, with a firm shake of his head, "that Mr. Otis is very busy, and will be unable to see you."

Daniel thrust his foot between the

(Continued on Page 17)

THE CLUE OF THE CORD

By P. G. Estee

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PART II.

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH.

THE envelope reminded Sam of the one inclosing the message he had received earlier in the day. The words this time, however, were in longhand and the writing was surely in the cramped chirography of his grandfather.

Now he had just come from visiting a Miss Harris, whose hair was a delightful shade of gold and whose image was lingering in his mind most pleasantly. This letter must be a hoax. For how was his grandfather mailing personal letters which showed knowledge of his movements? Postal service from the Other Side was not reputed to be good. Either some trusted friend of the old gentleman was assisting him, or he was being made the victim of a plot. He felt no doubt of the genuineness of the Miss Harris with whom he had conversed.

Back at the hotel, he turned to the train schedule rack and searched out Brittle Falls. Who wanted him to go there, that was the question? Blackfish, the home address of Miss Harris, was three stations beyond Brittle Falls. That made the matter look different. He could visit both places and very possibly learn things to his advantage by falling in with the plans of the jokers or plotters.

If he found a Miss Harris at home at Blackfish and she had red hair, what would he do? Who the dickens had he interviewed at the Monroe street house?

It was too much for Sam.

Studying the train folder, Sam saw that a train left for the east at ten-thirty, and out of his confused thoughts grew a determination to take the tip whether from the Other Side or a living friend and register at the Brittle Falls hotel, later going on to Blackfish to settle beyond question the matter of a red haired or golden haired Miss Harris.

Believing he would be watched, Sam took a few precautions of his own, purchasing a ticket to a theater and leaving via the fire exit before the entertainment closed. He hurried by the fire station and over one arm of the river to the area surrounding the passenger station of one of the transcontinental roads. At the turn, he slouched down in the attitude of an exhausted man and waited. People passed, all sorts of people, but none that resembled the slim chap or the Jap, whom he suspected of the treacherous attack in the Sprague street residence.

Then Northman was treated to a surprise. A vision passed, so altogether delightful that the young man wondered if he had conjured her out of his confused thoughts on girls, red haired and otherwise. In the brief space, Sam's eyes had noted that her hair was a dark auburn, that her figure was trim and that she carried herself with a certain air of distinction; then she turned to smile at the elderly lady, who walked beside her, and Sam was aware of a curious feeling in the region where his heart usually functioned. He had not imagined that a girl could be so bewitchingly beautiful.

Involuntarily he turned into the line of hurrying passengers, determined not to lose sight of the girl, colliding as he did so with a slim, youngish chap, who started back with a growl that turned to an apology as he saw Northman's face. Sam was not sure, but the walk and face reminded him curiously of the young chap of the post-office episode—but without a make-up.

If it were the same, the fact doubtless meant trouble for Sam before his destination was reached, but the latter decided to meet the trouble halfway at least, and the feel of his automatic brought comfort.

As he hurried along, he noted with a thrill of pleasure, that the young lady was also hurrying from the station to the chair car. She was alone; very evidently the elderly lady had merely accompanied her to the station. A sharp glance about did not reveal the presence of the slim young man.

However, for the moment, the cord code sank into insignificance. Sam wondered how one went about finding the destination of unknown young ladies, afterwards secured introductions or went thru other necessary formalities of becoming acquainted. He was two seats behind the red-haired young lady, but felt that he might as well have been two miles. Just as the train pulled out he thought he saw a flash of the slim fellow's face pressed against the glass of the car door. He wondered what form the interference would take this time.

Part One of This Story

AFTER having quarreled with his son and having had very little to do with his grandson,

ALVAH NORTHMAN left his grandson,

SAM NORTHMAN, and his son, Sam's uncle,

RODNEY NORTHMAN, ten thousand dollars each, together with a length of knotted cord which purported to carry the message as to the whereabouts of the rest of his $2,000,000 fortune. Sam Northman found himself attacked and followed by mysterious strangers as soon as he received the information. His grandfather's last secretary,

NINA HARRIS, told him that the elder Northman had frequently visited Peru, South America, where he had a friend called

HADORE. No sooner did Northman leave Miss Harris than he received a letter telling him to go to Brittle Falls, and carrying the announcement that Miss Harris had red hair.

This story began in No. 44, the Ledger dated Nov. 1. Previous issues containing this serial may be obtained from our office or agents, or newsdealers in general.

JUST east of the city, the road plunges into a timber district, or what had been a timber district in the early days, and the country lay much rougher. Numerous smaller towns are located on the main line. The train was not scheduled to stop at many of these, however, and was making fast time until it was over the Idaho State line. The whistle had just announced the approach of one of these small towns at which no stop was scheduled, when there came the shrill whistled answer to a stop signal and the grinding of brakes. Something unexpected had occurred, Northman judged by the disturbed faces of the brakeman and conductor as they hurried to the car doors.

Pressing his face to the window, Sam could make out the gloomy station building and the dim outlines of some of the business places, in which not a light was to be seen. At the end of the platform was a team and sleigh and Sam noted that snow was falling, adding to what was already a heavy fall for that district. Two men stood near the sleigh, and one came forward into the glare of the car lights while the other seemed to hug the sheltering shadow of the horses.

The conductor was followed into the car by a man, who might have been made up to portray the bad man of Medicine Gulch or some other typical movie town of the West. At his side, swung a big revolver. He held a yellow slip of paper which he handed to the conductor.

While the train official read, the man walked down the aisle, swaggering a little. Suddenly he pointed to the girl with the auburn hair.

"This is the girl called for and there is the man." He had whirled and was facing Sam. "Read the description, conductor."

Sam sprang to his feet, glimpsing as he did so the crafty face of his would-be double peering in at the car door.

To the young man it seemed like the acting out of a curiously well-rehearsed, amateur play, in which all the properties were set and the parts learned by rote. The fact did not lessen his anger.

"Keep your hands off me," he said shortly, and struck aside the hand of the mustached and sombreroed intruder.

For answer the fellow threw back his coat and touched a star. His lips tightened grimly as he indicated his revolver.

"I am a sheriff, young pepper," he said rather arrogantly. "When I say come, people move. Get me? You, too, young lady?"

Even in his own trouble, Sam had glanced at the girl to note that she kept her composure altho white to the lips. He turned to the conductor and tried to speak calmly. "I am 'Red' Northman on the extra list of the N. P. This is not a regular proceeding. That man is after personal property of my own. Anyway, if I have to go, don't let him take that young lady off until we reach a larger town where she can ask for legal aid and advice."

The conductor looked regretful and extended the telegram, Sam snatched it and read:

> Sheriff:
>
> Meet No. four and take off young girl with auburn hair, brown eyes, dressed in brown. Man with black hair, heavy black brows, dark eyes. Dressed in blue serge, black felt hat. Is ugly in fight. Hold for me. Chief Police.

"Make this man prove that he is an officer of the law," insisted Sam, as the trainman wavered.

"His star and the telegram proves that," said the conductor. "Sorry," he added impersonally, "but I guess you folks will have to go."

Men had gathered in the aisles and glanced questioningly at each other as the girl rose and going to the conductor showed him her card and letters. She spoke in a low tone, but was evidently pleading for his interference. The trainman again shook his head. The men muttered threateningly, and at that the sheriff laid his hand again on his revolver.

"This here chivalry and fair play stuff is good, boys, but remember I am an officer and you are going strong when you help these people resist me. Anyway, I am going to take good care of them. The thing is up to the chief at Spokane."

The men stepped back, and Sam realized that he was to be left alone to make the fight if fight there was. As the telegram had said, he could be an ugly customer. He glanced at the girl, and it seemed to him that there was appeal in her eyes. A thought flashed into his mind just in time to check his tensing muscles. If he fought and was crippled or afterward bound, he would be beyond assisting the girl. If he kept himself free and ready there might come a chance. With a laugh he turned to the officer.

"Got me, old timer. Let's go." Turning, he hurried down the aisle, checking for the moment, at least, the officer's idea of handcuffs. Behind came the sheriff, hand on weapon, and behind him, the girl, pale but still composed. At the door the sheriff halted Sam and took his weapon; then they filed out of the vestibule to the platform.

The officer motioned to the girl and tucked her in the rear of the double sleigh with a brusque respectfulness. He turned and ordered Northman to hold out his hands.

The latter's brain worked quickly then. He knew that many faces were pressed to the windows of the train now moving slowly by, the snow crackling beneath the wheels. If he could only delay action until the last car was by.

"One second until I get a cigar ready, officer," he said genially. "I have one for you and for your friend, also." He waved toward the other man who was moving back to the sleigh. In that waddling walk, Sam recognized the identity of the leader of the plot against himself. The man was Peter Whistler, the right hand of his uncle, Rodney.

The green side lights of the last car flicked by and at the same instant Sam's left extended a cigar to the masquerading officer and his right hand started a driving blow that hurled the man back and half way over the sleigh box. He struck again as the fellow tried to rise and then whirled, for steps were thudding in the snow behind him and to the left, the bandy-legged man was trying to draw a weapon while uttering incoherent curses.

As Northman surmised, the young man had alighted from the front of the train. With him was another man, heavily built and active. They held no weapons, but Sam knew he would have no chance if they once reached him, or the misshapen man secured his weapon. He spoke over his shoulder to the girl:

'Get that make-believe sheriff's revolver and point it at that half man. Shoot him or the sheriff if they don't obey." Then he leaped aside, evading the rush of the two, and grasped the loading skid he had noticed leaning against the station building.

The skid was iron and tremendously heavy, but Northman swung it aloft to meet the rush, driving the big skid straight at them with the motion of a man doing light dumb bell work. They were checked, and he followed up his advantage, slamming the shoulders of the slim chap and the head of the other man most ungently. Behind him, he heard an oath and the sound of a fall. He glimpsed the form of the girl hurled to the sleigh bottom. Whistler had tossed aside the body of the unconscious would-be officer and was climbing to the driver's seat; the team was already moving.

"Put him under cover for good, Slim," he was calling to the men attacking Northman.

The words and the violence to the girl stung Sam to a fury he had never felt before. Loosening his hold on one end of the iron skid he held to the other and using his weapon as a giant flail fairly drove down his opponents, hurled the skid at them and raced after the flying sled.

It was a close thing, but Sam found himself clinging with both hands to the rear of the box much as he used to do in the boyish sport of "catching on." His feet were swept from beneath him, but he clung grimly and slowly drew himself over the rear. Thru the streets, Whistler had been occupied with the team, which he lashed unmercifully, but now he glanced back and screamed a bitter oath as he saw Sam crawling toward him in the sleigh. He raised the heavy whip, but the younger man was upon him too quickly, sinewy fingers at his throat. He struggled fiercely, but Sam, drawing on his reserve strength, gave a mighty heave and Peter Whistler went head first into a drift.

This time Whistler found his weapon quickly enough and fired at the receding driver and horses, his bullets singing viciously close. Sam was sure of one thing, he would not linger in this unknown town in which there were so many enemies; anything was preferable, and at the next turn he swung to the west into a track barely distinguishable under the freshly fallen snow.

Behind him the girl moaned and stirred, and Sam felt quickly in his coat, drawing forth the little flash he usually carried. He slackened the pace for a moment. The light revealed the girl rising from the sleigh bottom. Determination shone in the brown eyes; she intended to throw herself from the sleigh.

"Don't dear," cried Sam sharply. The term came unbidden to his lips and so naturally that, until the words were spoken, he did not realize their enormity. He added quickly, striving to cover his own and the girl's confusion: "The fake sheriff and his various helpers are far behind and you are quite safe."

"And you overcame them alone?" she exclaimed. "I am ashamed. If I had not been so slow and clumsy I would have secured that man's revolver before that terrible deformed man reached me. Are you really Samuel Northman? If you are, I am glad, for your grandfather would have been pleased."

"Who are you?" queried Sam eagerly.

"Nina Harris, and for years I was Alvah Northman's secretary.

"The one girl——" Sam broke off sharply, the darkness once more hiding his confused blushes, but in the searching light before he thought to switch it aside was revealed a delicious flush that crept to the girl's very ears.

"I really am Sam Northman," he said, after a moment's confusion, "and if you really are Nina Harris you may know much that will assist me immensely. In fact I was on my way to visit you."

"I am deeply indebted to you," said the girl soberly, "and if any information that I may properly give you will assist, I shall be only too pleased."

"You are not indebted to me. Those rascals were after me in the first place. What I cannot understand is the attempt to abduct you also."

THERE was a long silence, then the girl said in a low tone: "Mr. Whistler had twice honored me with a proposal of marriage. Possibly he thought to use caveman methods as a last resort."

Northman gave a shocked exclamation. "That brute? Well, he has had a taste of caveman stuff to swallow himself. How a man like Rodney Northman can stand such a man, even for his dirty work, is beyond me."

"Evidently you are not well acquainted with your uncle," said the girl, and Sam detected bitterness in her tones. "Like master like man."

"What do you mean?" demanded Sam. He had all along tried to make himself believe that his uncle would be above stooping to unfairness in contesting for Grandfather Alvah's fortune. Rodney Northman would, of course, win if he could, but by fair means.

"I may explain later," she answered. "Not now."

Right then Sam registered a resolution to call upon Rodney Northman before he was a day older. He would know whom he was fighting.

To Nina he did not again mention Rodney's name. Something told him that the subject was distasteful. Then, too, he suddenly became aware that an unknown woods road at an unknown hour of the night with an unknown team and vehicle, to say nothing of an unknown young lady, was hardly the time or place for a long discussion. In his own mind, there was little doubt that he had with him the girl of all girls.

"Where do we go from here? That's

the big question. Miss Harris, I await orders."

"There are no trains to Brittle Falls or my home until tomorrow," said the girl. "There is, however, one westbound that reaches Spokane early. Can't we drive west until we reach another station and there take that train to the city, abandoning our commandeered outfit? You can tell me, then, of what assistance I can be to you."

"Can you stand the drive thru this storm?" queried Sam anxiously.

"Indeed it is not cold and I have always enjoyed sleigh riding. May I sit on the driver's seat beside you?"

Might she?

"Now tell me all about the cord code," Nina said.

"You worked for grandfather five years and knew nothing of the unique puzzle set for his heirs?" questioned Sam. He noted again the slight hesitation. "He talked quite a bit of some plan for character testing but I supposed he was jesting, and you know I left some years before his death."

Thereupon Sam proceeded to tell her of the cord code and of many other things, including the golden-haired Miss Harris and the black-bearded old gentleman. He expressed his opinion that a third party must be acting as the meal ticket for the pleasant-minded gentlemen they had left, at which Nina was strangely silent.

"Do you know that Peter Whistler has been Rodney Northman's trusted employee for fifteen years?" she asked a few moments later.

"I do," he answered grimly," and some one will have some explaining to do soon."

And then their talk drifted to other things, more personal and much more interesting. So they rode on thru the storm. Later, on the train, as they neared the city, Miss Harris asked to see the cord, and Sam willingly relinquished it to her care while he went in search of a cooling drink.

"Do you think your uncle or the unknown enemy had any knowledge of the card you received thru the mail last night?" she asked when he had returned.

"It doesn't seem as if the same villain would try to send me to South America chasing false clews and the same day urge me to a nearby town," Sam replied thoughtfully. "That is one reason I believe others beside Rodney and myself are working on the puzzle."

"It is a puzzle game," she declared. "I do not think the secret lies as far away as South America; altho your grandfather did have a friend from that country."

"Would you follow the instructions on the card?"

"There is a Barkley Hotel at Brittle Falls and I should do exactly as the card directed."

"Miss Harris," said Sam bluntly. "Do you know more of this cord business than you are at liberty to tell? You were in grandfather's confidence for years?"

Nina's brown eyes met his squarely enough, but her cheeks were again mantled by a blush which she tried in vain to hide. Her tone was cold when she answered, however. "I know no more of the real secret of the cord than yourself, Mr. Northman."

Sam remembered that she returned the cord hastily and refused to discuss the quaintly arranged knots. Just then, tho, he would have suspected an angel as quickly as he would the demure, brown-eyed girl beside him, who so bravely had shared the perils of the night's adventures.

He did not relinquish his guardianship at the station, and not until a taxi had deposited them at the home of Nina's friend in the Cannon Hill district, was he satisfied that she was out of danger.

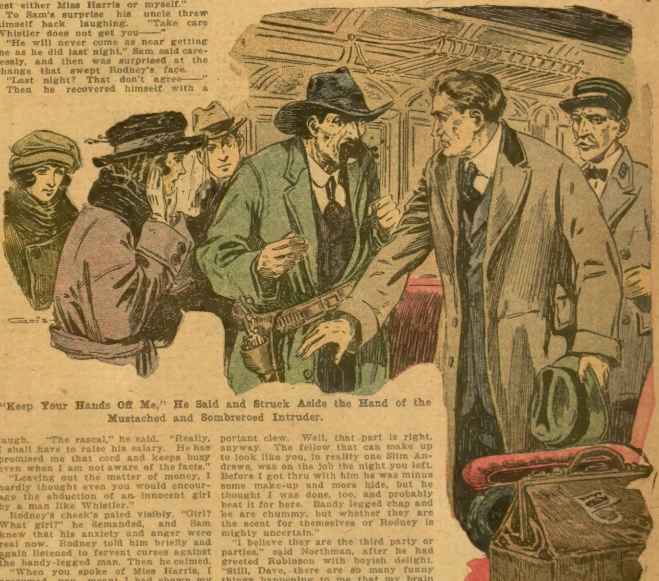
The address of the luxurious home he had safely tucked away in his memory, and he intended to call there later in the day. In fact, he had outlined some very busy hours.

FIRST, at a reasonable hour, he proposed to call upon Rodney Northman. Over the telephone, a respectful voice at the younger Northman's residence informed Sam that Mr. Rodney would be found at his office on Riverside, and thither the young man directed his steps. Rodney's offices were on the fourth floor, and Sam brushed by the pompadoured young fellow who would have stayed him before the door marked "private."

Rodney Northman, well groomed, urbane and sleek, looking much less than his forty years, sat back in his chair and stared at his unannounced visitor. After a moment his frown faded and a smile wreathed his rather full lips.

"A Northman! There's no mistaking that black bridge across the nose. Sam, my dear nephew, this is a pleasure. You will breakfast with me? Not a word," as Sam started to protest. "Relatives should love one another. What?"

It was in vain that Sam tried to bring the talk to a business basis. The uncle cleverly interposed his half-jesting, wholly friendly attitude, and it was not until they had eaten the satisfactory meal at the Davenport and were back in the offices, that the younger man cut into the airy persiflage.



"Keep Your Hands Off Me," He Said and Struck Aside the Hand of the Mustached and Sombreroed Intruder.

"Uncle, there are just two of us Northmans remaining alive. Why fight each other? Let us carry this contest thru as grandfather directed, but in a friendly spirit. Some one has tried twice to have me injured. Suspicion points your way, but I dislike to think that my father's brother would direct such work."

Rodney's bluff good nature fell off like a mask. His manner became hard and cold. "Come in with me, then, Sam," he invited. "Pool your interest in the cords, and I will furnish the resources to hunt down the secret father hid with those absurd knots and give you one-fourth the fortune. What?"

"If your father's wishes had not forbidden, I might consider that. As it stands, I cannot."

"Take your medicine, then," came the angry reply. "I refuse to consider you a blood relative. You are merely a man in the way of my possessing two million dollars. I am going to have that fortune."

Sam's tone matched Rodney's own as he rose to leave. "Then I am going to warn you. Next time your emissaries get close enough to me they will be really hurt and you, my dear uncle, will be hurt, also, if you allow them to molest either Miss Harris or myself."

To Sam's surprise his uncle threw himself back laughing. "Take care Whistler does not get you——"

"He will never come as near getting me as he did last night," Sam said carelessly, and then was surprised at the change that swept Rodney's face.

"Last night? That don't agree——"

Then he recovered himself with a laugh. "The rascal," he said. "Really, I shall have to raise his salary. He has promised me that cord and keeps busy even when I am not aware of the facts."

"Leaving out the matter of money, I hardly thought even you would encourage the abduction of an innocent girl by a man like Whistler."

Rodney's cheek's paled visibly. "Girl? What girl?" he demanded, and Sam knew that his anxiety and anger were real now. Rodney told him briefly and again listened to fervent curses against the bandy-legged man. Then he calmed.

"When you spoke of Miss Harris, I presumed you meant I had shown my admiration too plainly to suit that lady. I never dreamed that Pete Whistler——. When Pete defies my orders he has some good reason to feel safe in doing so. Where has he taken a trick in this game?"

On the instant he leaped to his feet and running across the room worked feverishly with the combination of a large vault safe. As the door swung open he stepped inside to reappear with a cry of relief. In his hands were two lengths of knotted cord. Suddenly his air of triumph faded.

"The crook! The traitor!" he screamed. "He has taken my cord, leaving a substitute. I have looked at it each day and, seeing the cord, have not investigated. He knew I would not. And your cord, too, he has taken that."

"My cord!" exclaimed Sam. "My cord; what are you doing with my cord, anyway?"

"One of my fair and faithful helpers turned it in. The game was in my hands. No one could get the secret if I could not. Now—keep back," he ordered as Sam walked toward him. "I am armed and am covering you from this convenient pocket. It would do you no good now. That toddling villain has us both hipped. Will you come in with me now? He can't fight my money. Help me to run him down."

"He's your man," said Sam, coolly. "Do your own running down."

"Your cord, man! Your cord!" cried Rodney Northman, but Sam was well out of the door of the luxurious office, and he did not turn. His mind, tho, was working swiftly. Twice the cord had been out of his hands. Once to the pretending, golden haired Miss Harris, and once to the girl whom he believed to be the true Miss Harris. He had believed the auburn haired girl to be true in all things. It must have been the first girl—and still. Why had he not forced Rodney to tell him. He turned back toward the office building, made his way above and forcing his way to the private office found that Rodney Whitman had already left, probably in a mad search for Peter Whistler.

He anticipated finding Robinson at the hotel, but instead was handed a telegram from the postoffice man. It read:

> Am ill and unable to leave. Important clew. Come.

Northman frowned in perplexity. The message did not sound like Robinson and yet—what if he really were ill and a nurse or doctor were wiring for him? Had harm come to his friend thru the rainbow cord?

Quick steps sounded in the corridor and an eager hand twisted the knob. Dave Robinson strode in, radiating health and good nature. He saw the yellow sheet still in Sam's hand.

"Telegram, eh?" he grinned. "Suppose I am reported sick? Yep, and an important clew. Well, that part is right, anyway. The fellow that can make up to look like you, in reality one Slim Andrews, was on the job the night you left. Before I got thru with him he was minus some make-up and more hide, but he thought I was done, too, and probably beat it for here. Bandy legged chap and he are chummy, but whether they are the scent for themselves or Rodney is mighty uncertain."

"I believe they are the third party or parties," said Northman, after he had greeted Robinson with boyish delight. "Still, Dave, there are so many funny things happening to me that my brain is in a whirl. Some of the mysterious things favor me, and some do not. I was never meant for Hawkshaw stuff."

"I thrive on it," said his friend complacently. "Tell it to me."

"Unknown friends and unknown enemies, likewise some known, of each brand, also beautiful maiden," he commented at the close of Sam's story. "I don't get this black-whiskered gentleman at all, at all."

"Nor I," admitted Sam. "What do you think of this Brittle Falls trip? I thought at first it might be another trap, but now I don't know."

"I would go, regardless of the cord changing Rodney boasts of. Put me on the trail of this golden-haired young lady, whom you suspect."

Sam had not mentioned the real Nina Harris. Somehow he could not bear even to direct suspicion her way; neither did he feel it right to direct unjust suspicion toward the other girl.

"I propose to turn over to you the task of guarding the real Miss Harris if I go to Brittle Falls," he said. "She has decided now to remain until her father comes to the city on business. She has influential friends in the Cannon Hill district and feels safe; but I do not. The other night revealed the limit to which our enemies will go and it frightens me—for the girl."

"In other words, the red-haired Miss Harris means more to you than two million dollars," hazarded Robinson, with a quizzical gleam in his gray eyes. And Northman did not deny the statement.

This time at the passenger station he made no attempt to disguise or subterfuge. If his enemies were trying to thwart his visit to Brittle Falls he would meet them boldly. He might have felt less self-confident had he known that clever fingers had picked his pockets, unknown eyes had perused certain letters which had been returned to his pocket, and that buzzing wires had already carried instructions concerning himself and his errand. Rodney Northman himself was sitting in the three-handed game and preparing to take all of the remaining tricks.

AT BRITTLE FALLS, a small mountain town, Sam was halted as he left the station platform to walk up the one long street. A man muffled to the eyes in furs and scarfs extended his hand.

"Mr. Samuel Northman," he stated, with assurance. "You were instructed to register at the Barkley. I am to take you to the man your grandfather wished you to meet."

The assured bearing and accurate knowledge of the man was a guarantee in Sam's eyes of the fellow's honesty, and, without hesitation, he followed to the little one-horse "pung," or sled, and was tucked in under heavy furs, while the driver, climbing in beside him, urged the horse thru the snow along the shores of Black Lake.

Later, as they began to ascend from the lake into the bluffs, it began to snow and the winter day closed suddenly. So that it was in darkness and a swirl of snow that Sam alighted and followed his driver from the pung to a little log house into which he stepped unhesitatingly. Stepped in to face the ugly smile of his uncle, Rodney Northman.

The driver had dropped his scarfs and Sam recognized him as one of the men who had dogged his steps in Spokane. From a corner of the room the Jap leered at him, copying the manner of his master.

Sam had certainly fallen and fallen hard and his intense self-disgust did not lighten when the chap he knew as Slim, his would-be double, stepped from an inner room.

"My secretary," Rodney said, waving at the driver. "And this young man, who resembles you, has definitely cast his lot with me as Mr. Whistler has, temporarily at least, ceased operations."

There was a hoarse and inarticulate roar from an inner room and Rodney smiled as he continued. "See if this last comer has weapons and also if he has any cord codes. It is possible the girl or Pete played double." Sam made no resistance when the Jap removed his weapon and began a systematic search of his clothing. As the Oriental's fingers touched the length of cord in the young man's vest lining, he uttered a grunt of satisfaction and carried the cord to his master.

The latter smiled grimly. "We now have five cords in this most interesting three-handed session. It would seem that I should win at least a majority of the tricks, for I now hold all cords and the other two players have kindly allowed me to read their hands. Ever meet Mr. Whistler, Sam?" he questioned with his unpleasant smile. "Mr. Whistler and yourself will be fellow lodgers here while I conduct a few investigations at my leisure." He threw open a door and Sam saw the body of the bandy-legged man, bound and lying on the floor.

"He turned traitor, as you know, even to abducting a young lady of which I think highly. So highly that I should have taken her off his hands had he succeeded. Now, Sam——"

His sarcastic words were chopped off as Sam's hard fist crashed into his face. The young man whirled and drove the secretary reeling to the wall with a straight blow to the neck, but Slim and the Jap were upon him in a flash, and there could be but one ending to the unequal struggle.

"Tie him," said Rodney Northman. "Make the ropes cut some, but never mind the gag. They tell me that even the big Indian has moved out of this district. Hanson, you and Slim get the sleigh ready. We are going to town and very possibly I will be back with you fellows.

"Nephew," he added, more suavely, "I am leaving you in charge of Satu. He is a good Jap as long as you obey him and do not try to leave the shack. Beyond that I have given no orders. You understand? He does not care much for either you or Pete, but after a time he will feed both of you and put you in other rooms. I don't mind telling you that I dislike this foolery, but I intend to have that money and very likely, also, a certain girl."

He laughed at Sam's sudden but helpless rage. "Don't trust any of 'em, my boy, but a red-haired girl——" He laughed again and hurried to join Hanson and Sam at the sleigh.

Sam studied the face of the Jap, who lolled at ease before the fire. His glance came back to the table and rested there in search of a weapon.

The Jap's lips parted in a grim smile. "Don't try," he said. "See?"

Even as he had sat back apparently asleep, his hand had rested on an automatic. The matter of the ropes Sam could have handled, for somehow Hanson had failed to make his knots slip-proof.

"Me get you," said the Jap. "Just as soon kill as not. Save work."

From the other room came a torrent of abuse for the Jap that would have blistered the ears of a stone image. It even annoyed Satu, for he abruptly announced his intention of feeding his prisoners and then gagging them to enforce silence. Whistler closed up at that and Satu went about his duties with an expertness that showed experience. When the meal was ready, he satisfied his own hunger and then untied Sam's hands, leaving his feet bound. He did better for Whistler, allowing the short-legged man full liberty. Then he sat back, weapon in hand.

"No funny biz," he said, copying the slang of his American brothers.

Whistler stared at Sam savagely and then growled: "I don't like a hair of your head, but I am not going to let you believe a lie about a girl, especially where the lie is handed out by Rodney Northman. The girl that nipped your cord and gave you a substitute was Hanson's niece, the golden haired girl."

Sam would have been glad to have talked with the deformed man at length, in spite of the Jap's presence, but the other strangely silent, now and then turning burning eyes toward the bland Oriental. Sam did not wonder at the bitterness. From the position of well paid handy man he had become a castoff, taking orders from Rodney's servants, and with his hopes of cornering the information of the cords and selling it for a great sum to one of the heirs, gone forever.

Suddenly, so quickly that Sam missed the first movement, the misshapen man hurled his cup of scalding hot coffee straight into the face of the Jap. His aim was good and Satu's was bad, for his first and second shots sang high and he had no time for a third. Peter Whistler's powerful body was upon him, the gorilla-like hand knocking the weapon aside and seeking his throat. There was animal-like fury in the attack and in the manner in which the Jap responded.

Sam, sensing this as his opportunity, slipped the ropes from his feet, waiting tensely. Should he help either of the struggling men? With which did his interests lie?

There was a sudden sharp rapping on the window. A giant of a man, an Indian, stood framed there. As Sam turned he waved toward the door, emphasizing haste. Pausing only to snatch his heavy coat, Sam threw it open. On the floor, the two enemies still struggled, oblivious to their surroundings.

"Come," said the big man. "Was just ready get drop on dam' Jap when fight, she start. Boss want to see you. Place you ought come to, off train."

Instinctively Sam trusted the big Indian and admired the great shoulders and the big muscles of his shoulders which bulged thru the close-fitting skin coat like the halves of a cocoanut shell. He was never quite clear as to direction or as to the exact time they struggled up the bluffs thru the snow and storm. He was certain, however, that he was at the point of exhaustion when at last the Indian turned to speak for the first time.

"See boss quick."

A light was gleaming thru the storm and, an instant later, the two were inside a log-walled room in which roared a huge open fire. A man leaped to his feet at their entrance. A short man with a heavy black beard and bright, black eyes. Snow white hair covered his head.

"The old chap of the Tacoma railroad yards and the old house on the avenue," was the thought that flashed into Sam's mind.

"Juan," the old man was saying to the big Indian, "you are a treasure. There will never be another like you for a hunting mate and guide." Then he turned to Sam with a welcoming smile.

"It is not necessary to tell me that you are Alvah Northman's grandson. You have his eyes, nose and chin. Let us hope you have his spirit. Off with the snowy wraps. After that I will answer the questions your eyes were asking."

Sam smiled back, and but for worried thoughts of Nina would have been quite at ease in his mind. Somehow, this white haired old man with a quaint foreign manner and accent seemed to spell security and confidence. However, the host did not explain himself until they were seated before a table spread with hot coffee, bread and cold venison. Then he spoke.

"First, I am Hadore-Piera Hadore, and had the honor of being a dear friend of your grandfather. I was in his confidence for years and know something of the puzzle set for yourself and uncle. I feel sure that you were on your way to register at the Barkley, as he had——"

"Then the letter was genuine and not a part of a plan to get me here?" broke in Sam.

"It was genuine," said Hadore, "but your enemies saw a chance to use it to their advantage as it would bring you into a lonely country far from friends—that is, to the best of their knowledge. Juan, however, goes each day to the hotel and but for an accident making him late, would have intercepted you today. He found the trail of the 'pung' in which it was said a stranger had departed from the Falls. We feared something was wrong, and Juan, after reporting to me, set out to locate the cabin."

"Grandfather came here often?" queried Sam, glancing about at the comfortable room and furniture, which included well stored book shelves.

"This was his resting place. He came here many times alone, many times with me. His associates and employes believed him traveling in foreign countries at times when he was hunting and fishing with Juan and me for company. He did plan, often, to go to Peru with me, however."

"Peru?" Sam turned eagerly. "Then perhaps the cord mystery is no mystery to you?"

"I taught him the code that was later used in making up those puzzle messages. It is similar, but not of the 'quipu' in use hundreds of years ago in Peru."

"And I was to come here—for what?" Sam asked bluntly.

"To learn the code."

"Was Uncle Rodney to be taught also?"

"No, he learns for himself—if he can."

"But why?" Sam demanded. "If grandfather wished me to have a part of his fortune, why did he not simply will it to me and be done with it? That has been a wonder to me from the start. That and the letters that seem to come from him, altho that is, of course, impossible."

"Those letters," Hadore laughed heartily. "Alvah prepared them and the cords two years ago. He boasted then that he could out-guess Rodney, even if he were dead, and his son alive. I do not know as to the mailing. Perhaps Mr. Lamb——"

"You have done me other good turns, I am sure," declared Sam warmly. "Tell me, was it you that caused the unfamiliar five thousand to be produced and thereby saved me a weary time in jail, to say the least?"

Again Hadore laughed, apparently with keen pleasure. "A small thing as was the other affairs. Mere trifles," smiled the old man, but his black eyes were studying the face of the younger man with disconcerting keeness.

"Alvah knew much of your uncle," Hadore continued after a moment. "He knew something of you, also, by means of trusted detectives. With me, he left certain instructions, of which I cannot now speak. As to Rodney, it was too late that he learned of the black treachery to your father. There were many other things. Who knows, perhaps this code test is a unique revenge on an erring son.

"Perhaps he believed that even with help here and there, you would be fighting against unfair odds. He wanted you to win, but desired most of all that you be worthy. Even tho you lose after trying, you will still have gained; that was his belief.

"He did not believe Rodney would stoop to actual crime to win. Tricks were guarded against," and again the old man's eyes twinkled in an inscrutable smile. "In the morning I shall give you more information. I feel sure that you will regain the lost cord. You must."

It was Sam's turn for an inscrutable smile, but the old South American did not appear to notice.

SAM slept late next morning and made haste to leap from his bed and dress when a glance at his watch showed him the time. Appetizing odors came from another room proving that Juan, at least, was up and busy.

"On time," called Hadore cheerfully, and then rising bowed Sam to a seat quite formally.

"A——" Sam had begun when things began to happen. The outer door swung violently open and two men leaped into the room and straight to the attack.

Taken completely off his guard, Hadore was hurled into a corner by the Jap, while the square faced man, Hanson, came at Sam. Leaping to his feet, the latter tripped over his chair as he tried to meet the rush and in an instant the big man was on him, with hands gripping his throat. Whipped backward and bent half over the table, the railroad man was for a moment helpless. Then the sneer in the cold eyes of his uncle's tool brought strength, born of fury. He lunged forward, his left knee reaching a weak spot in his enemy's stomach, while his right fist wiped out the sneer with a blow, that, however, lacked power to injure greatly. Hanson's hold loosened, tho, and then Sam swung for the exposed Adam's apple and, as tho paralyzed, the man reeled back over Sam's overturned chair.

Then came the Jap, his cruel face aflame with the lust of battle. Sam tried to grasp his chair as a weapon, but the sinewy arms of the Oriental were about him too quick, in a choking, smothering grapple which the young man could not break. As consciousness began to leave him, Sam glimpsed another man coming thru the outer door.

He tried again to break the devilish grip, but he could not. The breath was leaving his body, he was a child in the hands of the Jap. Then came a thud—two more thuds and a lessening of the terrible grip; a blessed reprieve. Languidly he opened his eyes.

The brawny Juan stood idly by swinging a huge club that looked like a prehistoric battle ax. There were three prostrate men. Hadore himself was by Sam's side and was looking little the worse for the Jap's handling.

"The thugs," growled the old man. "No, they are not badly hurt. Their skulls are too thick. Drink this while Juan does a little rope work on our unbidden guests."

Sam sank back and for a little time was lost in a stupor, out of which he wakened to find Hadore again pouring down his throat a fiery liquid of some kind. Whatever it was, its reviving qualities were great and in no time the young man was able to rise and walk about.

Of the invaders only one man was still unbound and over this one the old man was bending solicitously. It was Rodney Northman. As Sam came across the room, staggering a trifle, Hadore spoke to Juan reproachfully.

"Juan, I told you to be careful with——"

"It's nothing, boss," said the big Indian. "He'll come around all right and lively enough in a few minutes. I know how to strike to kill or stun."

As if to prove his words Rodney stirred and his eyes opened, staring about bewilderedly.

Hadore turned to Sam and extended a bulky letter.

"Here, in this envelope, is all that you would know. I was to hold this until—well, the matter has gone far enough. I have learned to what lengths the dollar may tempt."

He stopped with a startled exclamation. Rodney Northman had snatched from his hand the letter and, springing nimbly enough to his feet, crossed the room, hurling the letter into the open log fire. From his pocket he snatched two lengths of cord and with curses consigned them also to the flames.

The third and last installment of the preceding story will appear in next week's Ledger. Some mighty unusual situations arise and the story ends with a punch that is bound to make you sit up and take notice. Order your copy of the Ledger now, so that you may find out the solution of the mystery involving a length of knotted cord and a two million dollar fortune.

* * *

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The JUNGLE MAN

By H.P. HOLT

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THE tide was out. Vultures were picking at stuff under the bilge of an ancient hulk. A naked negress, whose girth must have been six feet, was cooling her bulk in the sea and playing like a rhinoceros, with two brown little children. The sun was beating down like a hungry furnace with that especial fervor it reserves for the benefit of people who dwell in Para.

A mosquito sat on my hand as I, in turn, sat on a sun-baked stone. I smote him fiercely and he died. You get to know something interesting about mosquitoes when you have lived three thousand miles southeast of Coney Island for a while. That was a yellow fever mosquito. One becomes lax at Para about everything, from one's language to one's linen, excepting only the slaying of mosquitoes.

Behind me stretched the illimitable jungle with its dark secrets—about a continent of it. I was lighting my pipe and dreaming of Broadway, and the human ants thereon, when an odd figure came near; a man, dressed in a shirt, a battered pith helmet, torn trousers, and boots that laced nearly up to his knees. He put out a hand for my matches, and I saw he had his baggage, the size of two cigar boxes, slung over his shoulder.

"It's good to be—to be where there's folks about," he said slowly, as tho speech came with difficulty after long silence. His face was utterly expressionless; his mouth worked like a ventriloquist's automaton.

I glanced round. The negress was still there, and her two children. Half a mile away one or two men were moving lethargically, or appeared to be moving.

"Yes. Just so," I said, mildly surprised, and moved slightly on the hot stone, partly for comfort and partly to make room. You talk to people at Para without an introduction if they have white skins. "Been in there?" I jerked my head toward the jungle.

"I'm from St. Louis," he replied, as tho he had just popped out of a subway from Missouri. But I knew he was answering with subconscious caution, which faded a moment later. "Yes," he went on, "I've been in there."

I wondered at his set face. Emotion seemed to have dried up within him. I remember there was a tiny wart over his left eyebrow. His eyes were steel gray and alive—the only thing about him that was really alive. Also there were teeth marks on the toe of one of his boots. He saw my gaze fixed wonderingly on the scarred leather, but either he had forgotten how the marks came to be made, or was not sufficiently interested to explain. Queer things happen "in there."

"Been back long?" I asked, with the object of stirring him up, yet knowing he must have arrived that day. But he ignored the question. His eyes, which had to be somewhere, were fixed on the rim of the porcelain sky away on the horizon where it merged into the shimmering rind of the sea. A minute, or maybe five, passed.

"Just arrived, an hour or two ago," he said, suddenly, after the fashion of a clock that, having stopped, had been rewound. Time, evidently, had ceased to count for him. Another striped yellow fever mosquito had subsided on his hand and was starting to dig. I felt it would be presumptious to mention what I knew about that mosquito to a man whose boot bore those marks of jungle brutishness. I watched the insect, fascinated. By and by it was brushed aside. "They serve good food at Casseo dining-room," the man added.

"Doubtless you were hungry," I replied. Two people who had died of ptomaine poisoning in Para within a month had taken their meals regularly at the Casseo dining-room. "You in the rubber trade?"

His automatic mouth opened, and as automatically closed with a click, shutting in an unuttered reply. The lids half closed over his steely eyes, which became the brighter as he relapsed into thoughtfulness. The solid wall of the primeval forest's edge stood two hundred yards away, flanking a world of mystery beyond. The man gazed at it a while.

"There's something queer about that jungle," he said slowly, impressively, "something—well, you can feel it tho you cannot define it. There is something waiting there always, just as there was a thousand years ago. The whole forest is waiting. It isn't malaria, or beri-beri, or blackwater fever that men dread when they go into it; and no man enters the Amazon forest without tasting that nameless fear. God, or the devil, knows what it is they do dread."

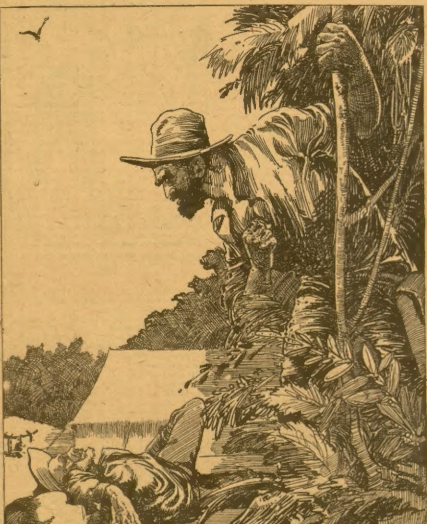
This granite-faced stranger was stirring in me a degree of interest to which I had become unfamiliar.

"But," I said, "men need not go in."

"I must,' he replied simply, yet with an air of finality not to be questioned. "In there"—and he waved an arm indicating the entire Brazilian jungle, from Peru to Para—"there are many men, white men, fathers of families, with women waiting somewhere like the jungle waits, men who would cry, if they still knew how to cry, at the touch of their own youngster's hands. And they must stay, for various reasons, tho sane men living sane lives would tell you such talk was folly." He lighted a cigar with the air of a connoisseur. Have you ever noticed that you can detect a man's breeding by the way he handles a cigar? A nouveau riche Chicago pork packer lights it quite differently from the way his son will a generation later.

"Are you going to remain a while in Para?" I asked.

"Till this cigar is finished," he replied with decision I should hardly have anticipated.



"You Know How a Man Dies After a Snake Has Bitten him."

"Then you are going to catch a boat, or are you going back 'in there?'" I asked.

For one whole second he turned his eyes to mine. They pierced thru and thru me, but apparently he saw I had no interest in the matter save that of idle curiosity.

"Pardon me, but as you have just come out of the jungle I naturally assumed——"

"I'm going back into the jungle—rather a long way in," he said.

"Well, you have fifteen minutes," I glanced at his cigar. "That's my bungalow over there. My name is Mangus. I'm a shipping agent in Para—for my sins. Come to the cracked ice and tumblers."

We sat on the veranda. My companion sipped half his highball and then forgot its existence. Only when I mentioned that one of the rubber trade boats was due down the Amazon from Borba the following day did he show animation. And for a moment the effect of my simple statement was electric.

"That—that must be the first boat from Borba for some time," he said jerkily.

"About three months."

Perhaps I imagined it, but the wart over his eyebrow seemed to turn a darker, reddish hue. Otherwise his face was impassive again instantly.

"How long will the next boat from here be?"

"Maybe three months," I replied, wondering vaguely.

"I—I spoke in error," he said, lighting another cigar. "I must not go back until tomorrow."

ONE acts on curiously unreasoned motives occasionally. There are hotels, of a kind, in Para; and yet I asked him to spend the night in my home. For the first time I saw some quality of human feeling glimmer in his face. It was fleeting and odd, but unmistakable. Hospitality is an unknown quantity from the mouth of the Amazon inward.

He told me his name was Benson, and I found that his knowledge of things and places was greater than one might have expected. Paris was one of his treasured memories; he fell upon some book of poems in Greek and fingered it lovingly. Next day he was on the landing stage five hours before the Borba boat arrived. Only two black men and a shivering, fever-ridden rubber official came by it. Borba is not a health resort.

A river steamer, going a little distance up the Amazon, was to sail in the evening. That would do for a start, Benson said. He sat on the veranda, awaiting evening. In the last fifteen minutes he spoke of himself and the jungle, coldly, dispassionately.

"There were two of us left twiddling our thumbs at one of those clearings in the interior when the company went smash. I was new to it, and at first didn't realize that because a few Wall Street magnates gambled, human beings could be left up there to die. But they were; and they died—the colored ones, I mean. I had signed on for three years, after fixing a date for my wedding. Three years didn't seem long, when I signed on. There was a German with me at the time the smash arrived. His name was Adolph Schmidt. A prospecting party on a river boat rescued us, pretty near the finish. I asked Schmidt if he would like to go on above Borba where there was said to be gold. We went. Perhaps you've heard about the upper reaches of the Amazon tributaries. The details aren't edifying. We went five hundred miles beyond Borba—or maybe six hundred. Whenever there was a chance we went ashore looking for gold. Then we got lost. There was a hill, and we climbed that to look for the river, and we found nuggets in the bed of a stream——"

He broke off and drummed his fingers on the arm of the chair.

"Neither of us thought we should live to get down to the sea again as the stream ran in the wrong direction, but we gathered a lot of those nuggets—yes, a lot. I don't know how it happened, but we found a canoe, too, and we started down the river. About a week later, while we were ashore looking for something to eat, Schmidt's revolver went off. Maybe—anyway he left me. There were quite a lot of nuggets in the canoe, and more to be picked up in the place where we had got them. Perhaps Schmidt's revolver went off accidentally, tho I don't know why it should have. Nor do I know why he mistook me for a corpse—if he did. He must have known I wasn't dead."

Benson was silent for a few moments.

"It was only a graze on the temple," he went on, "and when I became conscious again I was alone. I ate unnamable things. Once, I remember, it was a great butterfly. Eventually—I don't know how long afterwards—I came to a clearing where blacks were gathering their eternal rubber, and one of them took me part of the way downstream in a canoe. I wanted to ask Schmidt why his revolver went off; but I haven't seen him—yet. He had to come here, or go to Macapa, when he got to the mouth of the Amazon, and I guessed it would be Para, because it seems there was a woman waiting somewhere for him, too, and he spoke of letters that were being sent here for him. But he hasn't arrived; the letters have not been called for. He has stored the gold somewhere and doubled back for another load. Now you see why the jungle calls me."

There was neither heat nor enthusiasm in his voice. There was a thing that had to be done, just as water must flow downward.

"But," I protested, "the odds against your finding him are enormous."

His face cracked. It was not a smile. Something happens to a man before he loses his power to smile.

"He has gone back," Benson said. "Therefore I shall return, after him."

AND then he left the quasi civilization of Para, with his five pounds of baggage, his frozen face, and a supply of quinine. I heard afterwards from the Brazilian captain of the river steamer that he had transferred to another boat bound upward. And then the mystery of the jungle closed down upon him. Others went up the Amazon—human flotsam unable to withstand the suction. Benson had been an incident only. The Brazils swallowed him up whole, leaving no trace; even memories fade quickly in that region. Ships, months and men came and went while Para stewed. A year passed before I found myself facing a figure that seemed oddly familiar. Benson, a good deal older, had a yellow tinge to his skin.

"That letter you left with me—I mailed it three days ago," I said, as soon as he was seated in my private office.

"I'm too late then, eh? Pity. Has the boat it is on sailed?"

"Not yet. They're waiting for a consignment of rubber."

"Good," said Benson with a touch of satisfaction. "I can get to New York as soon as the letter, then."

"Did you—did you find your partner?" I asked.

"Yes. He had doubled back," Benson replied. "I knew he would. You can get the measure of a man sometimes. He was delayed at Borba by malaria. I found that out afterwards when I came thru there. He must have hidden the gold we found. Anyway he went back without it, and I have not been able to find any trace of it.

"He must have gone alone," Benson added. "I guess he was afraid if he took any blacks they would murder him as soon as they saw what he was after. Negroes know gold when they see it nowadays and—well, they're pretty primitive. I found his canoe drawn up on the river bank. From there the trail wasn't easy, but I found the place, as he had done. He had a sort of camp on the hill. I saw the camp, but I couldn't see anything of him at first. Then I found him."

Benson knocked the ash of his cigar off with grave precision.

"He must have tied himself into a writhing knot—ten different kinds of a

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ALONZO S. THOMAS
President
Santa Fe Watch Co.

What They Did
By October first the 5,000 Watches were gone. I tried to withdraw my Cut-Profit Offer, but many Magazines carrying my Advertisements had already gone to press. Hundreds of orders are still coming in. I felt that the 5,000 Watches I proposed to sell, Cut-Profit Plan, together with the hundreds these 5,000 would sell at the regular price, would be a phenomenal business for War Times. But I had underestimated the demand.

What I Am Going To Do
I am, right now, organizing a Second 5,000 Watch Club, for 1919, that the hundreds who accepted my offer shall not be disappointed. Another 5,000 Watches are to be sold on exactly the same terms as the first 5,000. If you want one on my Cut-Profit Plan write today. I cannot in the face of advancing prices promise to continue this offer after these are gone.

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knot," he went on. "There was a look on his face that showed me—he hadn't enjoyed it."

"Dead?" I asked.

Benson nodded.

"You've seen those pretty little necklace snakes, eh? There was one lying by his side. He'd had the satisfaction of killing it before—well, you know how a man dies after a necklace snake has bitten him."

"I am afraid," I said, breaking the silence that followed, "you have only wasted a year."

Benson shook his head slowly.

"If he had got away from South America, God only knows where I should have had to follow him."

"By the way—naturally I'm interested, you know—did you find any more gold there?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," Benson replied dully. "He had gathered up all one could hope to get without machinery and things. I fetched it away, but my canoe upset coming back, and I lost it."

"So, now you're going back to New York."

He looked at me absently.

"One must go somewhere," he replied. "My original three years' contract would nearly have expired by now. Funny, isn't it, how little you know of what is waiting round the corner for you? I—I was to have been married, too."

"Well, why not?"

He waved his hand, in dismissal of the thought.

"That is what she says," he replied. "I got her letters this afternoon. When the company went smash I offered her her freedom again, but she wouldn't have it. Maybe I'll be able to fix up some new contract for another year or so, and then, perhaps——"

"You did mention the name of your partner when last I saw you, but I made no special note of it," I said. "Who was he?"

"Adolph Schmidt, and da—— no, he is already damned. The jungle saw to that."

I scribbled a note and rang for one of the clerks. Soon afterwards a man came in with what I had sent for.

"Look at the address on that box," I said.

"'Adolph Schmidt, care of the Para Shipping Company, Para. Hold until called for,'" Benson read.

"It came down from Borba by a river steamer," I explained. "Now, if Schmidt is dead and you were his partner——"

Benson was on one knee, prying the lid of the box open with his knife. Neither of us spoke again until he got to the contents.

"The—nuggets!" he exclaimed, and I noticed that his fingers were shaking. "He must have shipped the stuff down here from Borba before he doubled back."

"You said something about fixing up some new contract for a year or so——"

Suddenly his face changed. A look that was thoroly human came into his eyes, at the side of which wrinkles appeared. Lines that had formed in the long ago and been twisted out of shape "in there," came into being again at the side of his mouth. A broad smile was spreading over his face.

"Yes, I'm going to sign a contract," he said, his hand going instinctively to a bundle of letters which bulged in his pocket. "But it won't be a business contract. When do you say that New York boat sails?"

* * *

Leave It to Bobby.

A PATRIOTIC Scotchman was present at a meeting at which an eminent Shakespearean scholar dwelt on the glories of his favorite author. At the close the Scot approached the lecturer, and said:

"Ye think a fine lot o' Shakespeare, Doctor?"

"I do sir!" was the emphatic reply.

"An' ye think he was mair clever than Rabbie Burns?"

"Why, there is no comparison between them!"

"Maybe no; but ye tell us the nicht it was Shakespeare who wrote, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a croon.' Now, Rabbie wad never hae written sic nonsense as that!"

"Nonsense, sir!" cried the indignant doctor.

"Ay, just nonsense! Rabbie wad hae kent that a king, or a queen either, disna gang to bed wi' the croon on his head. He wad hang it ower' the back o' his chair!"

* * *

A Quick Recovery.

JACKSON came tripping merrily into his tiny hall one day and almost broke his neck by tripping over somebody's shoes which were lying about.

"Whose ferryboats are those in the hall?" he asked later when he entered the dining-room.

"Ferryboats?" cried his mother-in-law, angrily. "Why, those are my shoes!"

"My dear mother," said Jackson, hurriedly, "who said ferryboats? You misunderstood. Fairy boots, you know; fairy boots!"

And then he wiped the sweat from his brow.

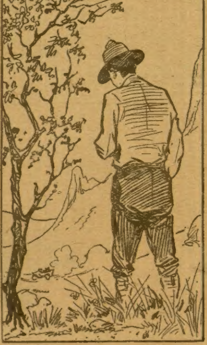
The Sacrifice

By H. M. Egbert

[Copyright.]

THE day when Leila and Tommy came into the life of Jim Peters was his reddest of red letter days. He always saw the scene just as he had seen it then. The early snows had begun to whiten the hills, and Peters had driven his stock down into the lower country for the winter pastures.

He was sitting in his hut, thinking over things. At 30, he felt vaguely that he ought to be doing better for himself. Not that he wanted to leave the cattle country for the city. But life in a two-room shack, where he cooked his own meals and made his own bed, was becoming unbearable.


He Watched the Car Shoot Down the Hill.

Most of the settlers of his age already were married. The settlement was beginning to prosper. Neat little flower beds appeared around the houses, and the young wives were very gaily dressed upon occasions. A church had been built; altogether it was a place for a young man with two thousand dollars in the bank to rejoice in.

But Jim had always lived a lonely life; he did not know how to change it. Too bashful to make advances to any of the town girls whom he saw on his rare visits, and with a vague feeling that he wanted a wife of a special, hardly defined type, something above the common run, he was brooding in his chair when there came a tap at the door.

It was a timid tap, such as he had never heard. The men who tapped at Jim's door hammered with hairy fists until he opened to them. Jim was amazed to find a woman and a boy outside.

Both were thinly clad and shivering from the cold. Nevertheless the woman did not attempt to enter, but only asked where lodging could be obtained.

She had come in on the evening train, she said. She offered no further explanation, but it was evident that she was gently bred. The look of weariness in her eyes haunted Jim for days.

He took her down the hill to a woman of the valley. The hospitality of the West prevailed over suspicion. The stranger and her son were given shelter.

Next day Leila Drayton, as she called herself, went to work for one of the richer settlers. But soon she was asked to fill a pressing need. The children were growing up and there was no school in the valley. She became the schoolmistress.

Speculation was rife about her. She never mixed with the valley people, never talked about her past. And the West accepts women as well as men for what they are, and asks no questions.

The days grew into weeks, then into months. Jim Peters often found occasion to saddle his horse and ride down into the valley. He and the boy became fast friends. But Leila was as indifferent to him as to the other men.

Perhaps Jim would never have found the opportunity he craved, of becoming her friend, but for an accident. The boy was straying on the railroad embankment in search of birds' eggs. His mother was with him, but seated a little distance behind the rise. Jim, watching them impatiently from the other side, knew that the afternoon train was due.

Becoming uneasy, he hurried across the valley. He was just on the opposite ridge when he heard the train in the distance. The sound, which burst forth suddenly as the train came out of the tunnel, startled the boy, perched on a ledge. He lost his footing and fell twenty feet, to lie unconscious across the metals. At the same time the mother rose, discovered him and screamed.

Jim plunged down the steep embankment, seized the boy, snatched him from the metals and cowered with him against the cliff, while the train went sweeping by, so near that the draft almost blew him from where he had planted himself. Afterward the boy opened his eyes.

The distracted mother kneeled before Jim with her hands clasped. "How can I thank you?" she cried. "He is everything I have, he is everything in the world to me."

"Be my friend," said Jim holding out his hand.

That was Jim's chance. Friendship ripened. One day he asked her to become his wife. Then the strange look

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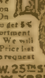

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of fear that he knew so well came into her eyes.

"No, you must not ask me that," she said. "I shall never marry again." And, seeing Jim's distress, she added:

"I will tell you the truth. I am a runaway wife. I cannot speak ill of my husband now. I could have borne with his infidelities, with his abuse, but —I did not want my boy to grow up to be like him."

It was weeks afterward that she told him all. Her husband was a wealthy man in Omaha. When she found that she could endure life with him no longer she had run away, penniless, save for her railroad ticket. He had one redeeming quality: he loved his son. On this account she knew that he would leave no stone unturned to find them.

Jim went away, sorrowing. He knew now that she could never be his. For she shrank instinctively from the publicity of divorce. Besides, to seek divorce would be to put her husband on her trail. She wanted to let the years roll between them, creating an ever widening barrier, until she felt that the past could never stretch out its grisly hand upon her.

So the months changed into years. It was nearly three years since Leila's coming when something happened which Jim had always known to be inevitable.

It was morning, and he was on the high pastures with his cattle when he saw her running toward him, with the boy, scrambling up the steep hillside. She reached him; her face was white with fear.

"He has found me!" she gasped. Oh, save me! Help me!"

Up the road came the toot of an auto horn. Jim now saw the car climb the grade like a heavy locomotive. And in the ensuing interval of silence he made his resolution.

The car stopped. A man leaped out, a man in the prime of life, absurdly strong, absurdly healthy, with the bluster and yet the sense of power that sometimes accompany the successful man.

He leaped to the ground and advanced upon the woman, smiling. Jim barred his path.

"My wife," he said.

"I know," answered Jim.

"See here, young man. You don't perhaps understand. I am here to claim my own, my legal own, my wife and child. She has nothing to fear from me. I have never laid my hands upon her. Stand out of my path."

"You may have a legal right," said Jim, "but you ain't going to take her."

The man laughed, whipped off his coat, and displayed a pair of muscular arms. "Her lover?" he sneered.

"God witness, there has never been love between us," answered Jim.

The woman sprang between them. "Jim, he is right," she said. "Now he has found me, I must go with him."

Jim, amazed at the change of attitude, stood absolutely mute. The man nodded.

"Good for you," he said. "Leila, the past is past. You'll never hear of it from me. It's only for the boy's sake I want you back. And I guess—you'll be happier than you were."

Mechanically the girl entered the auto. They lifted the boy inside. The horn tooted. They were gone. And Jim stared foolishly after them.

How strong the bonds between husband and wife! She was gone out of his life. He had never dreamed of such a thing. But why had she gone with him, when he was ready to fight for her?

Jim did not understand women, their changes, their sense of duty coming in so oddly at critical moments. Like a man in a dream he watched the car shoot down the hill.

It was going very fast. The brake was damaged by the rough road, in fact, but Jim did not know that. All he thought was that it was going very fast toward the cutting. And suddenly there came the roar of the train leaving the tunnel.

The auto shot forward. It was now evidently beyond control. Jim began to run.

But he was much too far away to be of any help. As he ran he saw the dreadful picture: the train racing along the narrow cutting, the auto caught and overturned: the desperate efforts of the occupants to free themselves. . . .

Then he saw the man stagger to his feet, lift the boy in his arms and toss him to the farther bank. The train was almost upon him, a hissing, snorting monster with flaming breath. But he caught up the woman in his arms and flung her clear of the metals; and the next instant the train was upon him, bearing him down, grinding out his life beneath its wheels, tearing the decapitated body along the way and passing onward.

Jim was sick with horror when he reached the scene, to find that the woman and the boy still lived. He kneeled before Leila, trying to shield her from the knowledge of what had happened. Then, picking her up, he carried her to the top of the embankment. And the look on her face told him that she knew.

So mixed was life, so mixed the qualities for good and evil in all. This man she hated had given his life for her. Some gate in Jim's brain went down at that moment, and he knew that life must be faced very soberly thenceforward—even with her.

* * *

Tempting the Stork.

IT IS customary in China, when the number of children—daughters prepondering—begins to exceed the family income, to name the latest comer "Enough." Acting upon this superstition, the Lees, a native Christian couple, presented their seventh child for baptism.

"What is her name?' inquired the missionary pastor.

"Enough!" announced both parents in fervent unison.

"That will never do!" the pastor frowned. "Think of a more fitting name!" But Mr. and Mrs. Lee were smitten with stage fright and could think of nothing. The Bible woman sitting near whispered: "Call her Dorcas!" So Dorcas she was hastily named. But fancy the dismay of Mr. and Mrs. Lee when they discovered that Dorcas, translated into the native dialect, is identical in sound with the Chinese words, "Many More!"

* * *

Fowl Names.

THE fat plumber was in a philosophical mood.

"There is simply no understanding woman," he observed.

"Whaddye mean?" the thin carpenter asked, just to start the conversation.

"Well, for instance, a woman does not object to being called a duck."

"No."

"And she even smiles if some one happens to refer to her as a chicken."

"Too true."

"And most of them will stand for being called squab, broiler, or turtle-doves."

"Yes, yes, but what's the idea?"

"It's just this," the fat plumber exclaimed, "a woman objects to being called a hen, and a hen is the most useful bird of the whole blooming bunch."

* * *

A Little Gossip Now and Then.

"JERMALON tells me that his wife is very angry with you because you didn't keep your promise not to tell anybody what she told you about her sister-in-law," says Mr. Pilfickle, reprovingly.

"Well, she has no reason to censure me," asserts Mrs. Pilfickle. "I never confided it to anybody except you."

"That's just it, my dear. I happened to mention it to one or two of the fellows downtown, and they spread it around until it came to Jermalon's ears, and he told his wife about it. I don't see why it is you women have to gossip all the time."

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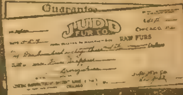

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The Box of Bewilderment

By Harry Stephen Keeler

So That You May Enjoy the Clever and Surprising Wind-up of This Story

CARR HALSEY, a special newspaper writer, enjoyed part of his income from inherited stock in the Eastern Electric Company.

ROGER HALSEY, his uncle and the president of that company, sent him a letter advising him to call immediately. But, arriving at the office,

BABSON, the seedy old doorkeeper, informed him that a sudden appointment was keeping his uncle. Carr Halsey strolled down the street and, to pass away the time, dropped into an auction being held by the Pacific Express Company. There he bought for $5.60 a wooden box which was being sold for charges and which had been unclaimed for five years. His uncle later explained that

ALEXIS ORSKI, a Russian electrical expert, who had come over to the United States years before and had founded the Consolidated Electric, a rival concern, had gradually secured 49 per cent of the stock in the Eastern Electric, and was trying desperately, by advertising, to get hold of an additional 1½ per cent held by

CLIFFORD HEMINGWAY, a former student at the University of Wisconsin, who was supposed to be in Chicago. Carr Halsey, anxious to help, offered his assistance. He went over to his office, where he opened his "Pig in a Poke" and found a bottle of blue liquid with a label reading Mazora-Ikeuna. From there he went home to his rooms. No sooner did he arrive there than he was visited by

MR. T. SUMIKO, a Japanese gentleman, who appeared to be old and ill, yet young at the same time. The latter gave a most unconvincing story about his rightful ownership of the bottle. Halsey agreed to have it for him next morning at 9 o'clock. When Mr. T. Sumiko left, however, Halsey found that a white card which he had used to delineate the lettering on the bottle's label and thus prove his ownership, bore the name of no one else than Clifford Hemingway, the key to the control of the Eastern Electric Company and his own income as well. Puzzled, he took the bottle to his friend,

WENDELL PROCTOR, a chemist. When he returned to his rooms on Tower Court he met a young lady,

MISS LORIS, to whom he rented a room on behalf of his landlady. That same afternoon Miss Loris was knocked unconscious by a bearded man who was evidently after the bottle now standing on Halsey's table by the window; the bearded man made good his escape without obtaining anything. After securing a physician, Halsey hurried to Proctor's laboratory, and there found that at exactly nineteen minutes to three Proctor had been killed. The sample of blue liquid was hopelessly spilled in the scrimmage. And on the floor the dying man had written a few mysterious words concerning the missing Clifford Hemingway. A search by Halsey revealed an imprint of a woman's heel plate. A further search brought into Halsey's possession a disc of brass, crudely cut, with a few Russian letters scratched upon it. At once he called up

ARTEMUS BAXTER, newspaper man skilled in crime investigations, and then, almost as a joke, took the brass disc to the office of Alexis Orski to get a translation of it. Orski took one look at it when it was sent in to him, grabbing his hat and fled. Twenty minutes later he was madly trying to get a train out of Chicago. Later Baxter and Halsey rigged up a dummy bottle. When the Jap called at 9 o'clock, and carried off the dummy, Baxter was following him in a light runabout. Baxter soon 'phoned that he had traced the Jap to the secluded residence of

CARLETON McCOLLOM, on the outskirts of Chicago, and Halsey hurried downtown to investigate this McCollum, buying on the way a newspaper which described an unidentified man having both legs cut off trying to board a train the evening before. Scenting that it might be Orski he went to the hospital, and Orski it was, delirious and babbling about Japanese Yens, and about a Liao Keng Ru campaign. Going to the library, Halsey found a book concerning the betrayal of the Russian forces at the battle of the Liao Keng Ru by

KRONKIENEFF, their commander, for a huge sum of Japanese money. He realized that Orski was Kronkieneff and had been frightened at the sight of the insignia of the society which had threatened to find him and kill him. Halsey also learned that among the Kronkieneff Society had been one,

RUDOLPH TERROZAS, a blond Mexican, born of German parents. Terrozas and McCullum proved one and the same. Further clews led them to the conclusion that the blond Mexican had some connection with a mysterious wireless station operating from the Mexican mountains. Going out to the estate at night, they hid under the garage floor. McCollum's servants sent up a huge balloon with a gridwork attached for talking with Mexico. Baxter immediately shot the whole apparatus to pieces, stopping some vital message from leaving the United States. At once McCollum switched on the lights of the estate, called to his servants, and had the whole courtyard surrounded. To save his friend Baxter jumped out and made a run for it. Then the police swooped down upon the place in a touring car, shot Jose and captured both the Jap and McCollum. They informed Halsey that they had come to the conclusion that McCullum was an international rogue thru information from Miss Loris, who had recovered consciousness and had told them that her right name was

MISS LORIS HEMINGWAY. That night Halsey talked to her and fell in love with her at the same time. She told him that Clifford Hemingway, her brother, had evolved Hemingite, a powerful explosive, but had vanished in Chicago trying to find some one to promote it for him. At the same time, Baxter delivered over the bottle of Mazora-Ikeuna to the Federal detectives who found that its label when soaked off was an agreement by the leaders of a defunct clique in Japan to aid Mexico by a naval attack on the Pacific coast any time they would attack the United States along the Rio Grande. This old paper McCollum, or Terroza, had wanted in order to convince the peons that a giant attack on the United States would be a success. Thus would the Mexican leaders be avenged because they had been left out of the League of Nations.

This story began in No. 40, the Ledger for Oct. 4. Back copies may be obtained from our agents, this office, or from newsdealers.

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CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNMISTAKABLE ALIBI.

BAXTER smoked in silence for a minute and then proceeded with his story.

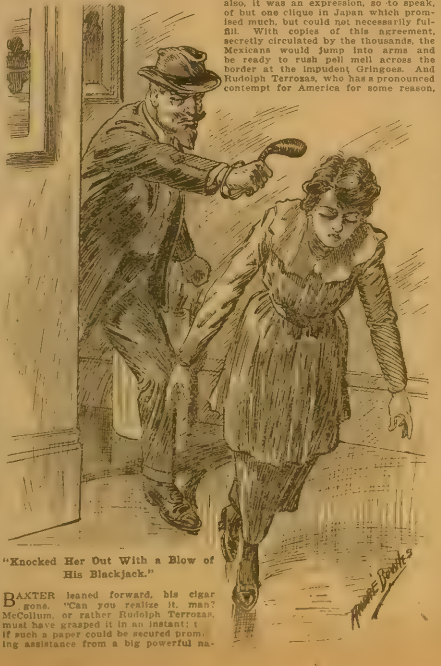
"McCollum, however," he declared, "was our old friend Rudolph Terrozas—yes, the same soldier of fortune, the 'Blond Mexican,' who had fought in the Liao Keng Ru campaign, who had later entered the Mexican diplomatic service, who had been sent over to this country to further the schemes of his country and who had gone back into Mexico when things began to get a little too hot for him in Washington. But he didn't stay in Mexico. He came around by Mexico City and up thru Texas, as McCollum, an oil expert, and got up into Chicago, his former mustache and beard trimmed differently, his blondness completely turned into dark brown by hair dye. Here he took offices in the Old Colony Building and rented the Keegan farm on the western outskirts in order to further his plans."

"Those plans, I take it," put in the younger man, "were to get the inside dope on any military, naval, or industrial invention that might be of real value to Mexico, thru his offices in the Old Colony Building. And the renting of Keegan farm was because——"

"It was fitted with electrical apparatus of five-kilowatt capacity, had many outhouses and pieces of farm machinery that could be dismantled, and was on the old disused Keegan road, far out of the line of travel. Now let me take up the thread of the Jap again.

"It wasn't long before Kogo and McCollum began to get wise to the fact that each had cards up his sleeve. Kogo [illegible] realized that McCollum wasn't in th[illegible] for his health [illegible] had been [illegible] to read [illegible] and McCollum began to suspect that Kogo had been high in the offices of his country at one time. How the showdown came about, we don't know, but inside of a few dozen interviews Kogo accused McCollum of being in the employ of one of America's possible enemies—Mexico, of course—and McCollum came back with the accusation that Kogo was a convicted Japanese official. Naturally, with the jerking out of the cards from each other's sleeves, they tumbled into closer harmony than at any time thus far. Kogo knew that McCollum was well supplied with funds; McCollum, on the other hand, perceived that Kogo might be [illegible] man who now hated [illegible] with all his heart.'

Baxter drew on his cigar. "And here was the odd pair, Hal[illegible]. It wasn't until night before last, after Kogo had been out with McCollum at his place for several weeks—ostensibly his servant, but in reality associated with him as a skilled worker in intrigue and science—that the Jap related the old bitter story of how he had smuggled out of his country the famous document in which Japan had agreed—thru Komera!—to follow up a Mexican attack on the U. S."



"Knocked Her Out With a Blow of His Blackjack."

BAXTER leaned forward, his cigar gone. "Can you realize it, man? McCollum, or rather Rudolph Terrozas, must have grasped it in an instant; t[illegible] if such a paper could be secured promising assistance from a big powerful nation in an attack on the U. S., and copies of it—which could be backed up by the original—could be circulated thru Mexico among the ignorant peons, it would prove to be a tremendous shot of something like what we call 'Dutch Courage!' The ignorant lower classes would not be able to perceive that this was a paper from a former diplomatic day—that, also, it was an expression, so to speak, of but one clique in Japan which promised much, but could not necessarily fulfill. With copies of this agreement, secretly circulated by the thousands, the Mexicans would jump into arms and be ready to rush pell mell across the border at the impudent Gringoes. And Rudolph Terrozas, who has a pronounced contempt for America for some reason, saw that this was the one thing necessary to give his country the additional motive to 'hop to it.'

"You may rest assured," Baxter went on earnestly, "that the moment McCollum got that story, he told Kogo that that paper would make him a rich man—if it could be found. And Kogo, broken and old before his time, suddenly became aware of the fact that his old-time revenge now meant gold instead—Mexican gold—but gold anyway. Yesterday morning Kogo hurried into Chicago and went over to the express office to try and look it up—to see whether there were any way of finding from their old records the name of the person who had bought the unclaimed package—a forlorn hope more or less anyway. Can you imagine his surprise to learn that the package had remained unsold for year after year on account of the excessive collect charges, and that only an hour and a half before it had gone out of that office into the hands of one Carr Halsey of 810 Tower Court?"

"And now the card?" put in Halsey eagerly.

"Yes, the card. Kogo had left the farm early to make his investigation regarding the old package sent from Tokio five years before. As soon as he learned of the sale, he went straight over to the Old Colony building to tell McCollum the news. But McCollum wasn't down yet; only the latter's office girl was in the place. Kogo passed inside to write out a note for McCollum, and as he went by her table she gave him a card, asking him to put it on McCollum's desk—a card which had been left there by some one a few minutes before."

At this point Halsey interrupted the newspaperman's story. "Yes, it had been left with the girl by Miss Loris Hemingway, who had called trying to get some line on her brother. It was a blank card with his name written on it in her handwriting. But go ahead."

"WELL, Kogo, full of his own affairs, slipped it into his coat pocket, it seems. Later, either forgetting about it or else not thinking it was of any value, he used it in your rooms here to reproduce the label which he had drawn five years before. Remarkably good memory he had, I'm thinking. And as a result, you bumped square into the name of the man you'd been trying to locate in your stock tangle. That ends the story so far as Kogo is concerned. He was told by you to come back the next day, so all he could do was to relate to McCollum the facts and wait until the hour you had appointed. And of course, he lugged back to the Keegan farm a decoy bottle which you and I fixed up together."

A long paused ensued. Finally Halsey broke in. "It's all clear now," he declared. "At least all but the connection of McCollum with poor Proctor—and his murder of the latter. Likewise, the mixing up of Clifford Hemingway, not in the matter of the card, which is now explained, but in Proctor's death. This also came out in McCollum's confession, did it?"

The veteran newspaperman's brow wrinkled up. "Yes—partly, We have located Hemingway thru McCollum's confession, yet McCollum claims to have an unshakable alibi by which he can prove that he didn't kill Wendell Proctor."

"Then you mean that Hemingway is the guilty——"

Baxter raised his hand. "No. Here's the exact dope on it. Young Hemingway had come to McCollum with his chemical invention of Hemingite, made, I believe, from silicon oxide or sand; he had developed a simple yet secret process of treating that valuless commodity But McCollum wasn't successful in worming out the secret from him, and before he had ingratiated himself into the young fellow's good graces Hemingway quit him cold, telling him that a young north side chemist named Proctor was going to finance him for a half interest in it.

"McCollum, however, didn't give up his fish with the valuable secret without a struggle. The possession of a formula for a super-explosive would make Mexico a far more dangerous antagonist for the U. S. than she is right this minute. Rest assured of that. Several times he went to Proctor's trying to get Hemingway's present whereabouts, but Proctor claimed not to know himself. Either he didn't, or else Hemingway, in order to get rid of his man, had instructed Proctor to disclaim all knowledge of his whereabouts. That brings us to the murder of day before yesterday.

"McCollum claims that he went to the chemist's laboratory day before yesterday, and found Proctor just climbing into his rubber apron after a lunch downstairs. He tried again to get Hemingway's address, but as before Proctor told him there was nothing doing, and to quit bothering him. One word led to another, and they came to blows. Before they knew it they were smashing around the laboratory, knocking over test tubes and retorts, and scuffling over the floor. And it was in that rough and tumble fight that the brass memento McCollum carried from the Liao Keng Ru campaign, pinned to the under side of his vest, was torn off."

"But he must have killed Proctor," put in Halsey weakly. "The pestle was—how—how does he get out of it? How——"

Baxter shrugged his shoulders. "He claims not. He says that they broke away after a few minutes and he left the laboratory in a rage, Proctor brushing off his clothes and swearing at him never to enter that place again. He claims that the big clock on the wall was ticking away when he left. He went downstairs and crossed diagonally over to the corner just opposite to Bush Temple where he went into the cigar store and bought a cigar to calm his nerves. His gray machine was standing at the curbing in front of the cigar store. He stood in the doorway of the place, and smoked and thought, later exchanging a few words with the store clerk. Together they watched a workman gilding the big clock on the Bush Temple tower, from 2:30 till close to 3.

"It constitutes a perfect alibi for I called up the clerk this morning and the story is correct. He remembers the man, the incident, and data I've just related. I called up the office of the Bush Temple and they claim the clock is correct to a minute."

Halsey shook his head. "That's surprising news all right. And the worst part of it is that there's no chance whatever that Proctor's clock was fast and got stopped during that struggle with McCollum for I timed the thing myself when I was there and it was with my watch to a dot. And my watch hasn't deviated from correct time since I've had it." He pondered for a minute. "But please go on, Artemus. I haven't heard the whole story yet. What about Hemingway?"

"Yes. Well, McCollum, after he prepared to leave the cigar store didn't intend to go back to his office. He had decided that his next trip would be over to 810 Tower Court, to see the man who Kogo had informed him had the bottle He had a suspicion, somehow, that the Jap had bungled things in his eagerness, and he had certain neat plans of his own to get that bottle and pull out for Mexico with the famous document. Things here, you see, were precarious for him all the time. And American military and industrial secrets were pretty well guarded. In Mexico he could have made thousands of copies of his paper ready to be released at any moment. But first, however, he went back upstairs to see Proctor again, in order to apologize and try and smooth things over, for he was desperately anxious to get his clutches on Clifford Hemingway and he saw that he had only fumbled matters by starting a fight with the young chemist.

"When he entered the laboratory he stumbled upon, so he says, Proctor's dead body, in about the same place that you found it later in the afternoon. At any rate, he described the clock, with the pendulum jerked off, the hands at 3:41 and the blood stains trailing clear across the white tiles. And——"

"And he was the one who smudged out that writing with his shoe?" put in Halsey eagerly.

Baxter nodded "According to his story—yes. Probably Proctor was dying at the time—unconscious but not dead yet It's doubtful whether he would have lived, even if McCollum had had decency enough to summon a doctor. But the latter found scrawled out on the white tile floor a message that drove from his mind all such things as administering to the dying. It was the following wavering communication, and had never been completed:

> Deliver sealed env in amm-sulp jar to Clifford Hemingway in Passavant Hospital under name of Clifford Proctor and

"That was enough for him," Baxter continued, "man of the world—accustomed to death and violence as he was. He drove straight to the Ammonium-Sulphate jar on the glass shelves at the side of the room and down under the surface of the white powder found a sealed envelope, and a roll of money which he didn't touch. It seems that Proctor used that jar of powdered Ammonium-Sulphate as a sort of a clever safety vault. With the envelope in his possession McCollum smudged out as much of the writing with his foot as he could, and left the place in a tall hurry. Inside of five minutes he was in his gray car and was off with——"

"With Clifford Hemingway's secret process for changing silicon oxide into Hemingite," put in Halsey.

Baxter nodded "Yes The rest you can guess. He rode his machine up to a deserted place in Lincoln Park and examined the envelope. It contained the many intricate chemical reactions complete—the valuable secret of Hemingite. He put it carefully away in his vest pocket and came back up on the north side again. He parked his machine on the corner of Tower Court and Pearson street and walked up to Number 810. From the sidewalk he could see the stand near your window, and on it the bottle of Japanese dye with the most dangerous paper in existence pasted on it as a label. He tried to work his confidence game on the young lady who answered the door, but it failed to go over with her. He had just heard her declare that there was no one home, so he took a big chance, knocked her out with a terrific blow from his blackjack, and dove for the door of your room. If he had got the bottle, he'd have left Chicago that afternoon and made his way across the line into Mexico, with his two vital secrets. But ——"

"But he got driven away by the Lake Shore Drive policeman before he found a skeleton key to fit my door. All right And last night he was trying to——"

"He was all in readiness to transmit the following message to Mexico: Stop all installation of machinery in big munition plant. New explosive discovered, and will require new methods Made by following chemical reaction followed by the actual formulae in use The whole was too frightfully complicated for one man to remember, but by following the paper could have been sent in about two hundred words process itself could have been sent in twenty words, he declares But our little rifle revolver successfully put a stop to the secret of Hemingite getting out of the old U. S A. Also the paper is recovered! And now—well—our friend McCollum—or Rudolph Terrazas—will spend enough years isolated from everybody to enable him to quite forget what little he may be able to recall of a mass of chemical jargon. We saved the process just in time; likewise we've located the Mexican wireless station and old man Ruida, the present president of Mexico, who has claimed all along that it didn't exist, will have to demolish it in order to make good before the League of Nations."

For a long time the two men sat and thought Finally Halsey broke the silence. "If his story of the alibi is right," he said slowly and reluctantly, "then we are further than ever from the murderer But this unexpected development throws my mind on a new tack altogether. It now looks to me very much as tho I shall have to divulge something in Proctor's life that I had hoped would never pass my lips, were he living or dead. Indeed, it looks as tho that's the only way to throw light on this mystery of who killed him." He rose and started unbuttoning his pajama coat. "But for the present suppose we go to Passavant Hospital and find out the puzzling connection between Hemingway and Proctor; why he is there under the name of Clifford Proctor instead of his own name. After that—well—we shall cross the other bridges when we come to them."

"Get dressed," replied Baxter briefly. "That's what I came here for. The part of McCollum's story that involves the murder will be out in the early noon papers—and then your Consolidated Electric gang will be down on Hemingway in a jiffy. Go ahead. I'll wait for you."

CHAPTER XX.

"CALL MAIN 13!"

WITHIN eight minutes Halsey was dressed and ready. He and Baxter left the house and after a brisk walk both southward and westward for several blocks, entered a quiet-looking, red brick building on West Superior street, which bore over its entrance the words: Passavant Memorial Hospital. There they applied at the desk.

"Could we see Mr. Clifford——" Baxter paused uncertainly, then added: "—Proctor? Mr. Clifford Proctor?"

The clerk consulted a huge book, and then called over an interne. "Take these gentlemen up to see young Mr. Proctor in room 556."

With a sidewise glance at each other they turned and followed the white-clad interne, into the elevator, up five flights and out again. There he led the way down the hallway and stood aside as they passed into the open door. With that he turned on his heel and left them there.

Embarrassedly, they stood in the door-

(Continued on Page 19.)

"Let's get a quiet corner to ourselves"
—Ches. Field

SOLID comfort from the first eager puff to the last lingering pull—that's Chesterfield.

And it's only what you'd expect from a cigarette that's honest value clear through. For Chesterfields are made of the right tobaccos, rightly blended. Fine, silky, aromatic Turkish, and choice, full-flavored Domestic—blended in a way that gives you an entirely *new* cigarette flavor!

Please the taste? You bet they do—and more. Chesterfields "*Satisfy*"!

It's all in the blend—a secret process—our private formula. *It cannot be copied.*

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

20 for 20c

A man's best pal is his smoke

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
They Satisfy

The Right Eye Of Cardamon

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

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CARDAMON, in Part IV. of General Sessions, was summing up the famous Tinkerton blackmail case. The court room was crowded.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said to the men in the box, with a wonderful wink of his wonderful right eye, "before I tell you what I have to say myself, I will tell you everything that the District Attorney is going to say when his turn comes. He is going to tell you, gentlemen, in that elegant, supercilious Riverside Drive way of his—he is going to tell you this," said Cardamon, "he is going to tell you that——"

Thus proceeded Counselor Cardamon, conscious that his right eye was having its usual effect, and also conscious that behind his back the Assistant District Attorney, representing the people of the State, was a squirming, wriggling mass of indignation. For the Assistant District Attorney knew, as was usually the case, that Cardamon would leave nothing for the A. D. A, to say.

For ages the bar in all jurisdictions has decried the rule of procedure which gives the State's attorney the last say and compels the prisoner's counsel to sum up first. There was one exception to this mass of protesting jurists—Cardamon. He always knew what the State was going to say and he took the pains to say it first. He also took the pains to work the jury up to such a fever height of excitement that when he was thru the District Attorney found nothing save fatigue confronting him.

But it was not Cardamon's method, after all, that won him his cases. It was his right eye. He invariably addressed the jury sidewise, as it were, and tho he talked with his lips, it was his right eye that formed the thought and drove it home. He smiled with his right eye, frowned with it, praised with it, denounced with it; smote with a withering blast of vituperation an anathema—all with his right eye.

His address was very short. At the end of fifteen minutes he was once more at the counselor's table. He did not listen to a word that the District Attorney had to say, nor did he listen to the charge of the court. He merely kept on silently taking the jury into his confidence with his right eye. At the end of the Court's charge, and, of course, without waiting for the verdict, he turned on his heel and stalked easily and deliberately, chin in air, out of the courtroom. At the very instant that he reached the door he placed his silk hat upon his head. The whole courtroom sighed with admiration as he did so. There was no man in Manhattan who could remove or replace a top hat with exactly the mathematical grace affected by Counselor Cardamon. There was no man who wore a gray frock coat so jauntily, and it goes without saying [illegible] frequenting the Criminal Court Building who could afford to enter a courtroom daily [illegible] violets attached to his lapel.

Cardamon did this as he did many other things—because he was Cardamon. He did not know, however, that out of the multitude that packed the courtroom, two of the spectators had risen when he rose and had followed him stealthily from the courtroom, stealthily thru the corridors and stealthily down the stairs.

Sinister as these two individuals were, as they sat peacefully watching the Tinkerton blackmail trial, they were still more sinister when they had pulled their hats—soft, dingy, low-hanging hats they were—over their foreheads. Just without the threshold they paused, watching the retreating form of Counselor Cardamon.

"I tell you," said one of these burly individuals, "he's the guy."

The man who said this was known to the police as Mr. Cuddy Wortman

"I tell you, Nosey," he repeated, "Cardamon is the guy we're after. It's Cardamon we gotta have."

Mr. Nosey McIntyre, otherwise known on the Lower East Side as the Muskrat, rubbed the nasal appendage which gave him his name.

"What about Gatlin bo, what you goin' to do with him?"

Mr. Cuddy Wortman decapitated Gatlin with a swift and expressive movement of his hand.

"Gatlin ain't one, two, three, Muck," he said. "It's Cardamon for ours."

"I'm with you, Cuddy," said his companion. "If you say Cardamon, it goes. Come on."

FIVE minutes later they were knocking tremulously at the office door of Cardamon over on Broadway. Unlike the rest of mankind, they always knocked upon the doors of law offices instead of entering. It may be said that tho Mr. Wortman and Mr. McIntyre were in no sense afraid of the law, they stood in tremendous awe of lawyers.

Once inside the outer office they crept on tiptoe, with caps in hand, up to the desk of Cardamon's only visible assistant, his office boy.

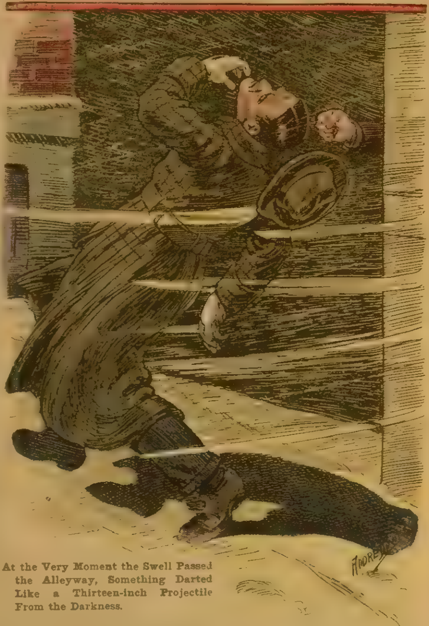
"Kin we see his nibs?" they queried.

The office boy, who was deeply engrossed in the perusal of a baseball extra, never looked up. For a moment the two interlopers stood in shivering silence, then they tapped gently on the desk.

"Kin we see his nibs?" they repeated somewhat plaintively.

The office boy, whom Mr. Cuddy Wortman might have crushed between his thumb and forefinger without half trying, glanced up in speechless indignation.

"What are you giving us?" he retorted angrily, spluttering in his wrath. "His nibs! You get out, and if you don't get out I'll put you out, do you see?"



At the Very Moment the Swell Passed the Alleyway, Something Darted Like a Thirteen-inch Projectile From the Darkness.

They did see, and their fit of trembling was renewed. In the midst of it one of them managed to ejaculate two words, and the other four.

"Counselor Cardamon!" hoarsely exclaimed Mr. Wortman.

"We got a case," whimpered Nosey McIntyre contritely.

The office boy rose to his full height "Sit down," he roared, "on them two chairs, and don't you move—don't you dare to move." He stepped into a private room and closed the door behind him. Almost immediately he emerged "Busy," he announced. "You've got to wait half an hour."

Counselor Cardamon was busy. He had gathered on his way to his office some half dozen of the leading newspapers, each of which contained a detailed account of his cross-examination in the blackmail case. The first duty that he owed himself was to read these papers thru. When he had finished he sighed with tremendous satisfaction, placed the papers on a shelf for later insertion in a scrap book and touched a button. A moment later Mr. Cuddy Wortman and Mr. Nosey McIntyre stood bowing and scraping before him.

There was only one chair in Counselor Cardamon's private office, and that he himself occupied. It was one of his firm principles never to let the criminal class sit in his presence. He had too much respect for himself and too much regard for his office furniture. Even when trying a case, he kept his clients at least ten feet away

As he looked upon Mr. Wortman and Mr. McIntyre, his usually severe countenance somewhat softened. They would have been surprised had they known that he knew exactly who they were. However, he bent the unrelenting gaze of his hypnotic right eye upon them and nodded. It seemed to Counselor Cardamon that along with the variety of odor that the two brought in with them, he scented the possibility of coin and plenty of it. Cuddy Wortman touched his companion.

"This here is me fren and brother-in-law," he explained hoarsely. "He's Nosey McIntyre. My name is Wortman."

Counselor Cardamon held up his hand for silence. He opened a drawer of his desk and selected three newspaper clippings from a file. He spread them on his desk.

"Nosey McIntyre and pal," he said, "burglary, twenty-third day of September; out on three thousand dollars bail. So far so good. What do you want of me? I thought Gatlin was your counsel."

They explained volubly, tho hoarsely, that Gatlin was supposed to be, but that it was all off; that it was Counselor Cardamon for theirs, and that they had come here to retain him.

"It's the way you handled that there jury in Part IV.," said Cuddy Wortman "My brother-in-law Nosey's gotta get off. You've gotta get him off. I gotta get off. You've gotta get me off."

Counselor Cardamon opened a window and lit a cigar. "In the first place," he commented, using his right eye as an artisan might use a gimlet, and looking straight into the souls of Nosey McIntyre and pal, "I suppose you're guilty."

"Aw," whimpered the Muskrat, once more rubbing his nose in embarrassment

"All right," said Cardamon, "that's settled. So much out of the way. Now, when do you come up for trial?"

They told him. The case was set for a day late in December.

"All right," said Counselor Cardamon at length, after he had heard the story from first to last. "Now, listen to me. Do you see this desk?" He tapped it with his fingers

"Sure," said Cuddy Wortman

"Right," went on Counselor Cardamon. "Now, before I do a thing about this case, before I raise my hand, before I even think about it, you want to put one thousand dollars in cold cash in front of me upon this desk."

The four hundred odd pounds that went to make up Mr. Cuddy Wortman and Mr. Nosey McIntyre nearly shriveled into nothingness.

"A t'ousand bones," groaned Cuddy Nosey McIntyre was striken speechless

"Why," went on Cuddy, still groaning, "a hundred is all that Gatlin asked, fifty down and fifty at the trial."

"Exactly," retorted Counselor Cardamon, "and that's just the difference between Gatlin and myself. He's a hundred dollar man and I'm a thousand dollar man."

"But we can't get the coin," whimpered Nosey McIntyre.

"Do you mean to tell me," returned the counselor, severely, "that you pulled nothing at all out of this burglary?"

"Mighty little," answered Nosey. "You got the paper there. They came near catchin' us when we wasn't half way thru. A t'ousand dollars," he moaned, as tho looking about the room for support. "Where can we get the coin?"

"You'll get it," returned Counselor Cardamon, "or you don't get me, that's all."

For a moment the two companions whispered together. Then simultaneously they dug down into the depths of their disreputable clothes. Each man produced a matted mass of bills. Together they took account of stock.

"Counselor," said Cuddy Wortman at length, "there's two hundred and fifty dollars; it's every blessed cent we've got."

"Lay it down," said Cardamon. They obeyed. "Now," said Cardamon, again fixing them with his right eye, "I will take this on account—on account, mind No matter what happens, you never get it back and no matter what happens, I don't raise my finger in this case until you pay the balance of the thousand down. That is understood, is it?"

For a moment they grumbled between themselves, and then they nodded

"It's understood, Counselor," they said "all understood. We gotta have you. Counselor, we can't afford to take a chance."

WEEKS later, Counselor Cardamon was seated in his office very much at ease, and yet, tho very much at ease he still was very busy. He was engaged in the perusal of the morning papers—the careful scrutiny of them, in fact He was not an omnivorous reader his specialty was crime. It was his pleasant pastime, as well as his alloted task, to discover, to retain in his memory, physically to file away the printed record that informed the public what crime had been doing over night.

As he scanned the headlines he found an item that interested him immensely It was a tale of robbery and violence Violence was always interesting, for violence earned heavy sentences—special big retaining fees.

BOLD DAYLIGHT ROBBERY

Paymaster on Construction Job
Relieved of Heavy Roll

So read the headlines. It was one of perhaps a dozen crimes worthy of note that had been committed over night, and Counselor Cardamon proceeded carefully to read about the others. But again and again his right eye wandered back to the daylight robbery. Each newspaper held its own particular account, but it was in the last account of all that Counselor Cardamon found what he always looked for.

"Gad," he exclaimed, fixing his right eye upon what seemed to be an unimportant paragraph, "here's the lead. They'll get those fellows, or I'll eat my hat

For the rest, it may be said that the paymaster had been robbed of the exact sum of five hundred and eleven dollars and eleven cents

No sooner had Counselor Cardamon placed the morning papers carefully upon his shelf, than the door of his private office opened to admit two burly figures. He fixed them, as was his wont, with his wonderful right eye; and, tho they stood at some distance from each other, they were conscious that his glance included both. They stood there shuffling their feet, with mangy caps in hand

"Well?" said Cardamon at length.

"You ain't forgot us, Counselor?" whimpered Cuddy Wortman.

The two stood there pathetically waiting for a reply. They were disappointed Counselor Cardamon simply lit a very long and very black cigar and sat staring them out of countenance. He was very immaculate this morning, seated as he was in his private room: he wore his silk top hat jauntily upon his head and was attired, as usual, in his long frock coat decorated with his morning bunch of violets. He was silent, imperturbable

Cuddy Wortman shuffled forward a step or two and once more halted

"You ain't forgot our case, Counselor?" he pleaded. "It's tomorrow mornin'. You gotta try our case."

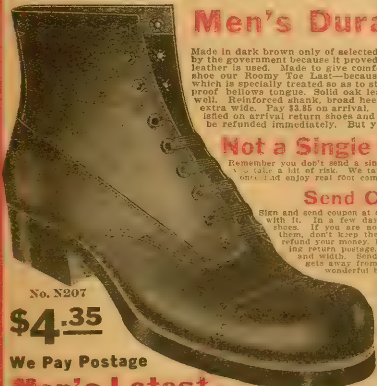
Counselor Cardamon drew his yellow

(Continued on Page 16.)

Don't Send a Cent

Big Fifth Ave. Bargain House Shoe Sale

You will say that this is absolutely the biggest shoe bargain you ever heard of. So sure are we of this that we will send you these wonderfully comfortable and good wearing shoes without a single cent in advance. Just send the coupon stating style, size and width wanted. Your shoes will be sent by return prepaid mail. Pay postman on arrival. Try them on. Examine them. Compare them with higher priced models. Then decide if you wish to keep them at our bargain price. You take no risk. If you don't agree that this is the most remarkable shoe offer ever made, return the shoes at our expense. Isn't that fair? Not a single cent of expense to you.



No. N207

$4.35

We Pay Postage

Men's Durable Work Shoe

No. N297

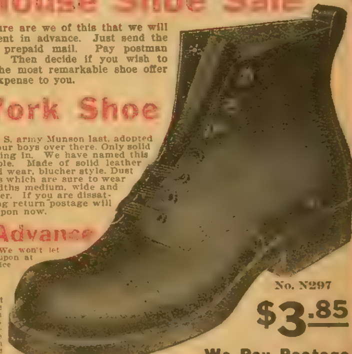
Made in dark brown only of selected materials, on the U. S. army Munson last, adopted by the government because it proved so comfortable for our boys over there. Only solid leather is used. Made to give comfort. Needs no breaking in. We have named this shoe our Roomy Toe Last—because it is so comfortable. Made of solid leather which is specially treated so as to stand all kinds of hard wear, blucher style. Dust proof bellows tongue. Solid oak leather soles and heels which are sure to wear well. Reinforced shank, broad heel. Sizes 6 to 12—Widths medium, wide and extra wide. Pay $3.85 on arrival. Order by style number. If you are dissatisfied on arrival return shoes and your money including return postage will be refunded immediately. But you must use the coupon now.

Not a Single Cent in Advance

Remember you don't send a single cent in advance. We won't let you take a bit of risk. We take it all. Send the coupon at once and enjoy real foot comfort at our bargain price

Send Coupon

Sign and send coupon at once. Don't send a cent with it. In a few days you will receive the shoes. If you are not entirely pleased with them, don't keep them. We will cheerfully refund your money. Every cent of it, including return postage. Be sure to state size and width. Send now before the coupon gets away from you and you miss this wonderful bargain



No. N297

$3.85

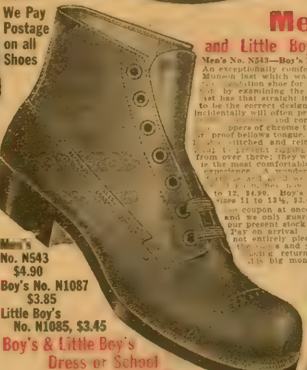
We Pay Postage

We Pay Postage on all Shoes

Men's Latest Model Dress Shoe

No. N207

While our stock lasts we will ship this wonderfully stylish model at our introductory bargain price. Only one pair to a customer. Made of genuine leather, gunmetal, blucher style, on our newest Fifth Ave last. Combines comfort, style and quality. Sure to give excellent wear. Has genuine solid oak leather soles and heels and is reinforced throughout. Sizes 5 to 11. Widths, medium, wide and extra wide. Pay $4.35 on arrival. Send to-day or you may be too late for the supply at this price is limited. Order by style and number. Use coupon now. If not satisfied on arrival send them back and your money including return postage will be refunded at once



Men's, Boy's and Little Boy's U. S. Army Shoe

Men's No. N543—Boy's No. N1087—Little Boy's No. N1085

An exceptionally comfortable shoe, made on the famous Munson last which was approved of by the U. S. to be the [illegible] shoe for the boys in the Army. As you will see by examining the bottom of the shoe, the Munson last has that straight inside line which authorities agree to be the correct design for true comfort in walking and incidentally will often prevent such foot troubles as fallen [illegible] and corns. Made with soft toe (no box-[illegible]) uppers of chrome tanned Alaska calf. Blucher style, dust proof bellows tongue. Solid oak leather soles and heels. [illegible] stitched and reinforced throughout. Extra back strap to prevent ripping. Ask the boys who came back from over there; they will tell you that the Munson last is the most comfortable in the world. They know from experience. A wonderful shoe for walking and a comfortable and good wearing shoe. [illegible] Men's sizes 6 to 12, $4.90. Boy's sizes 1 to 6, $3.85. Little Boy's sizes 11 to 13½, $3.45. Widths, Wide and Extra Wide

Use coupon at once. Prices are going up every day and we only guarantee delivery at this price while our present stock lasts. Be one of the lucky ones. Pay on arrival. We pay all delivery charges. If not entirely pleased after receiving them, return the shoes and your money will be refunded, including return postage, at once. Don't miss this big money saving opportunity.

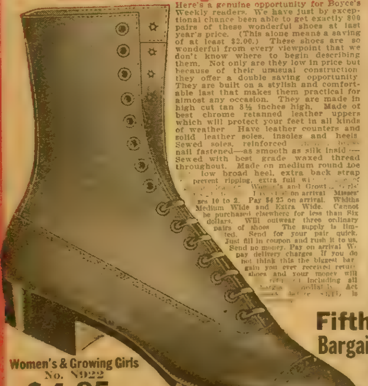
Men's No. N543 $4.90

Boy's No. N1087 $3.85

Little Boy's No. N1085, $3.45

Women's and Growing Girl's and Misses High Cut Money Saver

Here's a genuine opportunity for Boyce's Weekly readers. We have just by exceptional chance been able to get exactly 800 pairs of these wonderful shoes at last year's price. (This alone means a saving of at least $2.00.) These shoes are so wonderful from every viewpoint that we don't know where to begin describing them. Not only are they low in price but because of their unusual construction they offer a double saving opportunity. They are built on a stylish and comfortable last that makes them practical for almost any occasion. They are made in high cut tan 8½ inches high. Made of best chrome retanned leather uppers which will protect your feet in all kinds of weather. Have leather counters and solid leather soles, insoles and heels. Sewed soles, reinforced [illegible] nail fastened—as smooth as silk inside—Sewed with best grade waxed thread throughout. Made on medium round toe [illegible] low broad heel, extra back strap [illegible] prevent ripping, extra full [illegible] Women's and Growing Girls' [illegible] on arrival. Misses' sizes 10 to 2. Pay $4.25 on arrival. Widths Medium Wide and Extra Wide. Cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than Six dollars. Will outwear three ordinary pairs of shoes. The supply is limited. Send for your pair quick. Just fill in coupon and rush it to us. Send no money. Pay on arrival. We pay delivery charges. If you do not think this the biggest bargain you ever received return shoes and your money will be refunded including all [illegible] Act quick before supply is [illegible]



Women's & Growing Girls
No. N922
$4.95

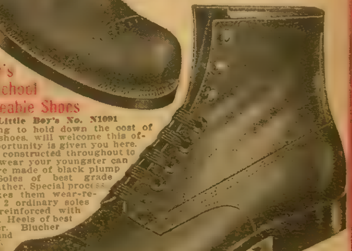
We Pay Postage

Misses No. N922X $4.25

Boy's & Little Boy's Dress or School Serviceable Shoes

Boy's No. N1093—Little Boy's No. N1091

Mothers who are trying to hold down the cost of keeping their boys in shoes, will welcome this offer. An exceptional opportunity is given you here. These shoes have been constructed throughout to withstand the hardest wear your youngster can give a shoe. Uppers are made of black plump gun metal leather. Soles of best grade chrome tanned solid leather. Special process of tanning which makes them wear-resisting—will out wear 2 ordinary soles. Soles are sewed and reinforced with standard clinched nails. Heels of best grade solid oak leather. Blucher style triple stitched around vamp to prevent ripping. Reinforced with extra back strap, solid leather counters. Made over full roomy toe last which allows room for 5 toes. Don't send a cent now! Pay on arrival. We pay delivery charges. Boy's sizes 1 to 6 [illegible]. Little Boy's sizes 10 to 13½ $2.80. If not entirely satisfied on arrival, return shoes and your money, including return postage, will be refunded at once. Use coupon today [illegible]



Boys No. N1093
$2.95

Little Boys No. N1091
$2.80

We Pay Delivery Charges on all Shoes

**Fifth Ave.
Bargain House
Dept. N112
New York
N. Y.**

USE THIS COUPON

FIFTH AVENUE BARGAIN HOUSE, Dept. N112, New York, N. Y.

Send the shoes marked (X) below postpaid at once. I will pay for shoes on arrival. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return them and you will refund my money.

[illegible]

[ ] No. N297 Size....Width....Price $3.85
[ ] No. N922 Size....Width....Price 4.95
[ ] No. N922X Size....Width....Price 4.25
[ ] No. N1087 Size....Width....Price 3.85
[ ] No. N207 Size....Width....Price $4.35
[ ] No. N1093 Size....Width....Price 2.95
[ ] No. N543 Size....Width....Price 4.90
[ ] No. N1085 Size....Width....Price 3.45
[ ] No. N1091 Size....Width....Price 2.80

NAME ....

TOWN ....

STREET or R. F. D.......................................STATE....................

The Right Eye of Cardamon

(Continued From Page 14.)

pad toward him and held his pencil poised in air.

"What case?" he said. They told him. "Ah," he returned, "I was to have a thousand dollars in that case before I touched it."

"We paid you somethin' on account," interposed Nosey McIntyre, the Muskrat. Counselor Cardamon merely shook his head. "I was to have a thousand dollars in that case," he reiterated, "and I haven't had it." He tapped his desk. "When you have placed on that spot, that exact spot, do you understand, the balance that is due me, seven hundred and fifty dollars more, I will try your case—I will take it up; but not before."

Nosey McIntyre looked at Cuddy Wortman and Cuddy Wortman looked at Nosey McIntyre. They nodded to each other. Then Nosey dived into his trousers pocket and produced another roll. Mixed with this roll were several pennies which rattled down on the mahogany desk and one or two of which rolled to the floor. Nosey stooped down to recover the errant coins, but Cuddy Wortman placed his hand over the bills upon the desk.

"You ain't goin' to give it all to him Musk," he whispered hoarsely. "Give him five hundred."

"Not on your life," said Nosey, "we give it to him all."

Cuddy's hand still grasped the bills. "Ain't we gotta get drunk, Musk?" he pleaded, "Where's the drunk comin' from if it ain't comin' out of this?"

"Drunk nothin'," returned Nosey, altho his eyes glittered and his nasal appendage glowed at the very word. "Drunk nothing. What—the night before the trial? Look a-here, we give it to him all."

Without more ado he shoved the motley mass of bills over to Counselor Cardamon. Cardamon carefully drew on a pair of soiled gloves before he touched the bills, then with the swift precision of a paying teller in a bank, he counted them deftly and correctly, laying them in neat little piles of varying denominations before him on the desk.

"How much is here?" he asked.

"Every cent we got, Counselor," grumbled Cuddy Wortman.

"How much?" repeated Cardamon.

"I'll tell you how much," interposed Nosey McIntyre, becoming businesslike, "there's five hundred and eleven dollars and eleven cents. Now, will you take the case?"

Counselor Cardamon drew forth his wallet and placed the bills carefully therein. He gathered up the eleven cents and dropped them jingling into his trousers pocket, and then he tapped his desk again.

"Two hundred and fifty and five hundred and eleven and eleven cents," he mused as tho speaking to himself, "make just seven hundred and sixty-one dollars and eleven cents; seven hundred and sixty-one dollars and eleven cents from one thousand leaves two hundred and thirty-eight dollars and eighty-nine cents. Gentlemen," he said—he always called his clients gentlemen after he had had a fee—"Gentlemen, before half past nine tomorrow morning you must do two things: first, have all your witnesses in court; second, lay upon this desk, in cash, two hundred and thirty-eight dollars and eighty-nine cents. Then, and not till then, I will take your [illegible]"

The Muskrat looked at Cuddy and Cuddy looked at the Muskrat.

"We gotta get it," said the Muskrat "We gotta have Counselor Cardamon, that's all."

THREE minutes after their departure Cardamon again drew forth the bills from his pocket and scrutinized them carefully. At last he chuckled to himself

"Gad," he exclaimed, "there's the clew!"

He reached behind him and drew forth a newspaper from the shelf and placing a five-dollar bill face downward side by side with the column of the newspaper containing the fullest account of the daylight robbery. He read softly to himself the unimportant paragraph:

> The paymaster said that he could positively identify one of the bills, and if for any reason the roll remained intact this bill would lead to the detection of the thief. He had noticed in making up his payroll a certain five-dollar bill that had upon its back a large circle of red ink and enclosed in this circle, also written in red ink, were the words, "Baby mine."

Counselor Cardamon's eye traveled from the paragraph to the bill. On the back of the bill was a large circle in red ink and within the circle, also written in red ink, were the two words, "Baby mine."

"The case," thought Cardamon to himself, "seems unusually complete."

Now, it must not be supposed for one minute that he was particularly interested in the matter. The whole thing crystalized into an unusual fact, that is all. He withdrew his soiled gloves after replacing the bills in his wallet, donned a heavy overcoat and proceeded on his way. At ten-thirty he was cross-examining a witness.

There are some days in December which admit of top hats and bunches of violets. There are other days that do not. This particular day resolved into a day of variety. At four o'clock, when Counselor Cardamon left the Criminal Court Building, he found himself confronted with a blizzard. He hailed a taxicab and a few minutes later, almost without a fleck of snow upon him, reentered his office. He doffed his top hat, carefully examined it and placed it in its leather receptacle. He drew off his natty winter overcoat with its facing of silk and hung it on its hanger in the closet; he stood his cane in a corner. Once more he drew forth his wallet. He was due that evening at the Barristers' to sit in a friendly little game. He made it a point in friendly little games never to play for more than the cash upon his person and never to enter a game with more than a certain amount of cash. He counted out two hundred and fifty dollars for his purpose. The balance of the money he placed in his safe and shut and locked the safe. He stepped to the closet, took down from another hanger a heavy, shaggy ulster and a huge slouch hat; diving into a corner he produced a pair of arctics. Then he sallied forth.

Properly accoutered. Counselor Cardamon enjoyed nothing quite so much as a good, old-fashioned blizzard. He started out afoot for the Ninth avenue elevated. He was not the only man abroad that blustery evening. There were at least two others—two shivering, shaking individuals, with upturned collars and with low-pulled caps upon their heads, who lurked in odd corners, bent chiefly upon two things; first, to avoid the police; second, to discover a likely victim or so.

Carefully they scanned each passerby. The five o'clock crowd was afoot. Cuddy Wortman and his friend the Muskrat knew a ten-dollar clerk from a millionaire, and the bulk of the homeward going crowd was composed of ten-dollar clerks. Suddenly, however, the Muskrat nudged his companion.

"Here's a swell, Cuddy, comin' up the street. Look at him and see."

Cuddy evidently found the judgment of the Muskrat sound. He drew that gentleman into a dark alleyway and waited for the psychological moment to arrive. It arrived; and at the very instant that the swell passed the alleyway, something darted like a thirteen-inch projectile from the darkness. This something was the right arm of Cuddy Wortman. In another instant they were dragging a victim into the dark shadows—shadows where they could neither see nor be seen, but where they could feel for pocketbooks. They felt deftly and swiftly and with satisfactory results. An instant later they had emerged from the other end of the alleyway, had darted down the street, had turned a corner and had disappeared.

IT WAS Counselor Cardamon's custom to appear promptly at his office at nine a. m. At nine o'clock on the following morning there were certain people who made prompt appearance, but not Counselor Cardamon. Mr. Cuddy Wortman was on hand and with him was his friend the Muskrat. They were told to sit and wait.

"We was told," protested Cuddy Wortman to the office boy, "to leave two hundred and thirty-eight dollars and eighty-nine cents on that there desk in there by half past nine. Kin we do it?"

"Who told you?" retorted the office boy.

"Counselor Cardamon," they answered.

"Did he say he'd be here at half past nine?" queried the office boy.

As a matter of fact, he had not, but he had said that if they laid the money there, he would take the case. Time rolled around with unusual swiftness and at twenty-nine minutes after nine, Nosey McIntyre, who had always followed the instructions of his lawyer, made a move toward the private room

"I'm goin' to lay this here roll on that there desk," he said.

He had started to accomplish his purpose when behind him the door of the outer office opened and in strode a figure quite immaculate. The sun was out this morning, the snow glittered on the ground. Counselor Cardamon had another silk hat upon his head and wore another jaunty overcoat and carried another cane; violets reposed upon the lapel of his coat.

Without acknowledging the presence of anybody else, he strode into his office

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and seated himself at his desk. He placed his top hat by his side

"Come in!" he exclaimed to his two clients.

In they came. Just within the threshold of the private room they stood stock still and stared.

"Holy cats, Counselor," cried Nosey McIntyre, "what's come over the spirit o' your dream?"

Well might they exclaim, for over the right eye of Counselor Cardamon there was a dark, forbidding patch and about the edges of this patch were evidences of black and blue. He made no explanation, ventured upon no apology

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is within two seconds of nine-thirty, about time that you laid the balance of the fee upon my desk."

The Muskrat could not comply with the suggestion too quickly.

Counselor Cardamon drew on his soiled gloves as usual and counted the bills. Half way thru his count he stopped and stared. One of the bills was a five-dollar bill, lying by accident back uppermost. Upon it was a large red circle done in red ink and within the large circle, also in red ink, appeared the words, "Baby Mine."

Counselor Cardamon finished his count, removed his gloves and glanced with admiration at his two clients. Impelled by some secret impulse, he rose and did a thing that he had never done before. He held out his clean white hand toward them and shook each genially by his grimy paw.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I shall be glad to take your case!"

He chuckled as he said the words There was one thing about Counselor Cardamon that these two men did not know. He never forgave and he never forgot.

HALF an hour later the court was offering him an adjournment and commiserating with him on the black patch on his eye. The Muskrat, across ten feet of space, was telling him to get the adjournment. But Cardamon shook his head

"Your Honor," he said, "I have left this day open to try this case. I shall try it."

Forthwith the case proceeded. For the rest of the day Cuddy Wortman and Nosey McIntyre, the Muskrat, sat watching Cardamon with disguised admiration To them, legal talent meant tremendous lungs; to them, the man that could shout the loudest was the biggest man. They had not come to Cardamon because of this. He was accustomed to those methods. They had come to him in spite of his lack of tremendous voice. Today, however, Cardamon, to the amazement of the judge, the jury, the clerks and the spectators, shouted so that he could be heard all the way from Part IV upstairs to Part I downstairs. He knew well what he was doing. The night before two men had landed a very effective blow upon his cranium. He was returning the blow with interest.

The jury looked each other in the eye. "What's the matter with Cardamon?" they said.

This question was echoed in the mind of every person present, except in the minds of Cardamon's two clients. When Cardamon had finished, these two men leaned across the ten-foot space between themselves and their counsel and whispered to him enthusiastically.

"Cheap at the price, Counselor," they cried. "That summing up was worth five thousand if it was worth a cent."

Cardamon smiled a sinister smile. "I'm glad you think so, gentlemen," he said.

He waited until the Judge had charged the jury, then he rose, drew on his overcoat and turned once more to his clients.

"You, gentlemen," he said, "may await the verdict. When you find out what it is, please let me know."

It was at 5:30 that his telephone bell rang and a voice sounded in his ear—not the voice of either of his clients, but the voice of the clerk of the court.

"Counselor," he said, "your men are in the Tombs; the jury has just gone home"

"The verdict?" queried Cardamon, quite pleasantly.

"Sorry, Counselor,' replied the clerk, "it's guilty; but you did your level best."

Cardamon hung up the receiver and chuckled. He had done his level best to secure a certain verdict. He had done more—he had actually secured the verdict that he wanted. He strode to a mirror and removed the patch from his right eye. His right eye was totally eclipsed.

He returned back to his desk, lit a match, took a five-dollar bill from his pocket and burned it up.

"Gad," said Cardamon to himself, "it was a tough job trying to lose that case. If those chaps had hit me in the left eye now, I swear I think I would have won it in spite of all."

Over in the Tombs his clients wondered, speculated, moaned. They attributed their defeat to all causes but the right one. They did not realize that the fatal flaw was this, that one thing connected with Cardamon was temporarily out of business.

That one thing was Cardamon's right eye.

The Golden Vagabond

(Continued From Page 5)

closing door and the wall; and at that moment Mr. Otis stepped into the hall.

"Well, Noonan?" He came forward, folding the newspaper in his bony fingers.

"This man, sir, is trying to force his way in. I am just about to eject him, sir."

Daniel laughed merrily. "Oh, no, you're not, Noonan." And before the corpulent Noonan could say a word or move a muscle, he was seized in a grip of steel and thrust, speechless, against the wall.

The master looked on as tho uncertain whether to be amused or indignant. While he was deciding, Daniel confronted him.

Mr. Otis," said he, "I want a few minutes' talk with you."

Otis smiled. "I think you've earned an audience with me. Nerve like yours should not go unrewarded." They entered the shadowy room, ostensibly a library.

"Now, then, what can I do for you?"

"Just a moment." Daniel drew the sliding-doors, which led to the hall, together and fastened the clasp, having first deposited his newspaper parcel very carefully upon the floor. He looked around the room, and, satisfied they were free from interruption, picked up his parcel and took a seat opposite his host, who watched all these movements with a frown of suspicion and annoyance.

When Daniel spoke his voice had a deep, resonant ring. "Mr. Otis," he began, leaning forward in his chair and looking his auditor steadily in the eye, "you are a millionaire, are you not?"

Otis' frown deepened. He glanced impatiently at his watch. "I can spare you but little time this morning," he said, with polite curtness. "I must ask that you state your business as briefly as possible."

"But you are a millionaire?"

"Yes, yes. What of it?"

"My total capital, Mr. Otis, is exactly twenty cents—two silver dimes. That's all the money I possess. And I've made a resolve to acquire ten million dollars. I cannot, will not, break that resolve——"

"Well, well, how does this concern me?"

"You just said you are a millionaire. Now it strikes me that when a man wants to make money on a big scale he should go where the big money is. So I've come to you——"

"That'll do!" sharply interrupted Otis. "I see you're a crank—harmless, perhaps—but still a crank. I must ask you to leave."

"A crank! You call me a crank!" Daniel sprang angrily to his feet, stung by the epithet. The newspaper parcel, lying on his knees, slid to the floor, and he snatched it up with a quick movement.

This action, tho entirely harmless, seemed full of menace to the millionaire, who, only a few minutes ago, had read an account in his morning paper of a ring of dynamiters, bent on destroying organized society

"He's one of them!" was the thought that flashed in Otis' brain. "He's got a bomb wrapped in that paper! He's a madman, of course—and there's only one way to deal with madmen." With a sickly smile (for he had turned deathly pale) he motioned invitingly to the chair which Daniel had vacated.

"Please be seated," he coaxed, trying to speak soothingly, as one might to a child. "I'm going to give you what you want." He produced a private checkbook and a fountain pen. "How will ten thousand dollars do?"

Daniel, puzzled, stared at him. "Ten thousand dollars?" he echoed blankly.

"Exactly." Otis began filling out a check.

"UNCLE!"

A pair of portieres at the rear of the room were held apart, and in the aperture stood a girl. Without turning—his back was toward her—Daniel knew who she was. He had heard her voice before. Then he turned, and, even as he knew he would, looked into the pansy-blue eyes of the girl with the Titian hair—the girl who had given him the magical dollar.

CHAPTER VI.

TOUCH AND GO.

THERE was a dramatic tableau. Daniel, every nerve and muscle tense, stood looking at the girl. Otis, who had not moved, watched him. The girl looked from one to the other inquiringly. She seemed to know intuitively that something very unusual had occurred.

Otis was first to speak.

"Will you excuse us, Kathleen? This gentleman and I have a little business to transact"

"I did not intend to interrupt, Uncle Sym. I thought you were alone."

She went out, closing the portieres behind her. Otis wrote "bearer" on the check, snipped it from the book and stood up. He held out the check without saying a word.

Daniel took the slip of paper, studied it reflectively. There was no questioning its genuineness. It called for ten thousand dollars, and the call was as authoritative as a government's bond. Suddenly he drew a deep breath, folded the check, and deliberately tore it twice across. He dropped the pieces on the table, picked up his hat, and, without a further word, walked from the room.

In the hall he found Kathleen Sterrett.

"This is not the first time," said he, "that you and I have met."

She stepped back, looking at him curiously. "I—I'm afraid I don't understand you. I don't think I even know you"

"It's hardly possible——"

"What were you doing in there?" she interrupted. "I know something was wrong; and——" She broke off, and fairly shot a question at him: "Were you trying to blackmail my uncle?"

"No," he replied, and he was thinking: "She's beautiful—beautiful! This is the sort men go crazy over. The sort men do things for."

"What were you doing?" she insisted.

"I was making your dollar grow."

She looked perplexed. "W-would you mind telling me your name?" she asked, and dug her nails into her palms upon feeling her cheeks burning.

He asked pointedly: "Can you recall

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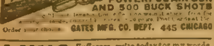

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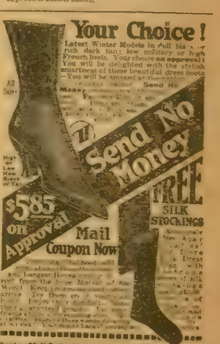

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the 'dirtiest young man' you ever saw?"

She bit her lip, and stepped back from him. She was scarlet to her temples. "Ye—yes, I remember you now. You are the one I gave the dollar to yesterday. You seem to have invested it well."

And then he became aware that Symington Otis was standing in the doorway of the library, a look of horror on his thin face. At sight of the man whom he believed a dangerous lunatic taking the unthinkable liberty of addressing his niece his coolness had vanished, his restraint snapped.

Daniel took the girl's hand, and in a vibrant voice, pregnant with far more significance than the words it uttered, said: "I will not say good-by, but au revoir." Then he turned and left the house. The front door had scarcely closed behind him before Otis wheeled upon his niece.

"What did that man say to you?" he demanded.

"Why, n-nothing of any importance. Why?" She laughed nervously, like a child caught in some petty misdemeanor.

"Go to your room. That man is a maniac. He might have killed you. Where's Noonan? He rang a servant's bell, ran to the hall telephone, rustled thru the telephone directory, and got the Chicago avenue police station on the wire

"Police headquarters? . . . This is Symington Otis, Lake Shore drive. Crazy man just left my house. He's got a bundle of dynamite, so be careful how you handle him. . . How'll you know him? Well, he's dark, very tall, well-built, and about 24 or 25 years old; he wears a soft gray hat, tan shoes, and a blue serge suit. The dynamite is wrapped in a newspaper. I'll have my butler and another servant follow him and keep him in sight. Good-by.

LEAVING Otis' home, Daniel turned south on the drive, his brain reveling in golden dreams. In his wake skulked the stout butler and a second servant who, mindful of the telephoned word "dynamite," took especial pains to keep a discreet distance between themselves and their quarry. Near Chicago avenue he saw a man dodge into an alley a short way ahead, and tho he caught but a glimpse of the man's face, he recognized Detective Kelly He turned swiftly, started back—and walked into the arms of two detectives. Kelly came up on a run, tackled him from the rear, and dexterously twisted the parcel from his grasp.

"What's the charge, Kelly?" asked the prisoner, whose captors held him fast by either arm. "Or is it just because you owe me one?"

"Never mind what," growled Kelly. "You'll do a stretch this time, you'll remember. That's enough for you to know."

En route to the police station the detective kept a nice distance to the rear with his trophy, and only with the utmost caution did he relinquish it to the desk sergeant.

Daniel was booked under the name of Randolph Fitz and consigned to a cell.

Meanwhile Symington Otis had arrived at the police station. The first person he met was Kelly, and the first question he asked, as he handed him a cigar, was: "Did you get him?"

"We got him all right," answered Kelly dryly, sniffing his cigar.

The last vestige of excitement vanished from the millionaire's face. "And the dynamite?"

Kelly exchanged meaning glances with the desk sergeant.

"Sergeant," said he, "show Mr. Otis the dynamite."

The sergeant bent his gaze thoughtfully upon the financier.

"I don't know what passed between you and this fellow," he said, speaking very slowly, "and I don't know what you expect to see, but this is what he had on 'im." And the sergeant held up a gymnasium sweater, once white and fresh, but now soiled. "This is what he had wrapped in the newspaper, and 'is pockets was not burdened with so much as a match. If he had any dynamite on him it was inside of 'im, sir."

Otis' lips came together in a hard line and his steel-gray eyes acquired the flinty glint which his subordinates and opponents in the wheat pit had long ago come to know and fear. The thought that he had been made a fool of was galling—far more galling than if Daniel had really robbed him of the ten thousand dollars. All the rage, all the anger and contumely of the outraged man of money power boiled within him as he whispered savagely to himself: "I'll fix him!" And yet again: "I'll fix him!"

CHAPTER VII.

METHOD IN MADNESS.

THE first person—besides the newspaper men—to visit Daniel was Esther Strom. He shook hands with her thru the iron grating of his cell.

"Welcome!" he cried gaily. "But how'd you know?"

"I came as soon as I saw this," she replied, taking a newspaper from under her cloak and holding it between the bars to him. His eye caught a front-page headline:

MADMAN RUNS AMUCK!

Turning the page, he found a group of snapshots of himself in divers attitudes.

"Here's progressive journalism!" he laughed, slapping the paper with the back of his hand. "These things were taken less than five hours ago. Not bad work, either. He regarded them critically.

"You are becoming quite a celebrity," she smiled.

"Celebrity!" he exulted. "Why, the president's not in it. I am the man of the hour."

She pressed closer to the bars, and there was a troubled expression on her face as she said in a lower voice: "We must get you out of this some way." She paused and looked over his clothing. "I haven't very much for you, but I'll give you all I have." She held a two-dollar bill between the bars. "Take it quickly before those men see."

He stuck his hands into his coat pocket. "No! I've twenty cents. That's all I need."

"We are forgetting the main issue. I must get you out of this predicament. You must have legal aid at once. I've a friend who's a lawyer. I'll send him to you."

Barely an hour after Esther's departure the guard let into the cell a rotund, sleek-looking man who introduced himself by printed card as "Roger Merton, attorney and counselor-at-law, Ashland Block, Chicago, hours 9 to 5." He sat down beside his client on the foul bunk, and behind his plump hand gave a genteel little cough.

"Now then, my boy," said he, in a paternal, confidential manner, "let us have the whole sad story. Don't leave out a single harrowing detail."

Daniel looked into the babyishly round face and could not help thinking how like it was to a young harvest moon. An irresistible impulse to awaken that bland surface to animation came to him. He had decided to retain this lawyer of Esther's and himself foot the bill—when he could. So, starting from the point where he had purchased the sweater, he narrated, with all his vigor, with all his vividness and dramatic power, the events which had since transpired. When he began he was sitting on the edge of the bunk, tilting himself to and fro, his hands clasping his right knee. When he finished he was standing in the middle of the cell, his body drawn to its full height, his arms extended in a heroic gesture. And the walls seemed still to ring with his thundering eloquence. Then, like a mask, his theatrical guise dropped from him. He lowered his hands, and walked back to his seat.

"Got a cigarette about you?" he asked, in his ordinary voice.

The lawyer could only stare at him. He was dumb with amazement.

"Young man," he said, when he recovered speech, "you're—you're a genius! Jove, what a lawyer you'd make—what a lawyer!"

"Forget it. I'm too honest."

But the admirer could not forget it. "I've heard a good many gifted with the gab, but you're as good as the whole lot."

"You quite make me blush, sir."

"H'm, h'm—then let's get down to business. Substantially, you've told me all?"

"Yes, and a little more besides."

"H'm." Merton puckered his brows in a very judicious manner. He did not speak for over a minute, and when he did, he seemed to have reached a momentous conclusion. He stood up and folded his dimpled hands firmly behind him.

"My boy," said he, "you have only one defense. It's insanity—don't get excited!"

Daniel laughed. "Do I look excited?" he asked easily. And added: "Or insane?"

"You're not insane. Nobody said you were. But for a while you've got to act insane. It's your only hope, and I'm pretty sure you're equal to the acting. Besides, I know old Otis and I know what he is when he's rubbed the wrong way, and I happen to know you've done just that thing, and that he's going to push the case against you to the limit. But if you plead crazy—and act and talk and look crazy, it's more than likely you'll get off lightly. It's up to you, d'you see? Which do you prefer—a long stretch in the penitentiary or a short one in a madhouse?"

"Having never sojourned in either place——"

"Will you take this thing seriously?"

"Pray forgive me. I am all attention."

"Should you need help—which I very much doubt—I'll coach you in your acting. It's your only chance. Absolutely the only one. I'm not saying it's a fat one or a soft one. I only say it's your only one. Good day!"

Alone again, Daniel sat on the bunk, and clasped his head between his hands and stared long and thoughtfully at the floor. A troubled look appeared on his face, a grave light in his eyes. In the back of his brain something had begun to throb—a devilish phrase, repeating itself over and over, with diabolical cruelty—an alarming, baffling phrase:

"Penitentiary or madhouse! Penitentiary or madhouse!

What an appalling choice for a young man, fired with energy and the will to accomplish his purpose, to face! Yet the lawyer he had retained told him there was no alternative. But was he right? The second installment of this story centering around the activities of a tramp on his road to acquiring ten million dollars will appear in next week's Ledger. Order your copy now.

* * *

Driven Out by "Hun!"

HE WAS very disreputable-looking, uncared-for like, and he was before the court.

"What is the charge?" asked the learned judge.

"Desertion," said the prosecutor, solemnly.

"I ain't a deserter!" protested the prisoner vehemently, at the same time removing a bandage from a black eye and displaying welts all over his head. "I'm a blinking refugee."

Mabel McKinley—Niece of the Late President of the United States—Takes Nuxated Iron for Health and Strength

And Says She Regards It as The Ideal Tonic For All Weak, Run-Down Nervous Women

Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, Explains Why Iron Is One of the

GREATEST OF ALL STRENGTH BUILDERS

Says: He has found nothing in his experience so effective for helping to make strong, healthy, red-blooded women as Nuxated Iron.

Every woman who wishes to possess health, strength and beauty, should carefully read the statement of Miss McKinley who, after her personal use of Nuxated Iron tells of the results she obtained.

Miss McKinley says: "While I had often heard of Nuxated Iron I must admit that prior to using it myself I had no idea of its remarkable value for building up the health and strength.

"Following the strain imposed by months of the most exacting work singing for the soldiers in the various army encampments, together with my social engagements and charitable pursuits, I found myself in such a weakened, run-down state that I feared a complete collapse.

"It seemed utterly impossible for me to drop everything and go away for a complete rest, but I realized that as my condition was serious I must either do this or find something that would actually rebuild my waning strength and enable me to continue my activities.

"I had always been prejudiced against tonic preparations which, for the most part, I found only acted as a temporary stimulant and usually left one worse off than ever. However, when my own family physician insistently recommended that I give a fair trial to Nuxated Iron, I consented to begin its use, with a result that after a few days the weakness and exhaustion from which I suffered began to be replaced by a feeling of renewed strength and vitality. In less than three weeks' time my whole system was tingling with energy and power and I was overjoyed to find that I was once more in superb physical condition.

"Nuxated Iron has accomplished so much for me that I regard it as the ideal tonic for all weak, run-down women. As a strength, health and blood-builder, I am convinced Nuxated Iron has no equal."

In commenting on Miss McKinley's statement, regarding the efficacy of Nuxated Iron, Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says: "It is my opinion that in practically nine times out of ten, unstrung nerves and failing strength and vitality are due to deficiency of iron in the blood. Many a woman who is run-down, nervous and who quickly tires out, suffers from iron deficiency and does not know it. I am convinced that there are thousands of such women who, simply by taking Nuxated Iron, might readily build up their red-blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves back to vibrant and vigorous health. By enriching the blood and increasing its oxygen carrying power, Nuxated Iron will often transform the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of nervous, run-down women into a glow of health, and make them look younger within a surprisingly short time."

Among other physicians asked for an opinion was Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon Monmouth Memorial Hospital, New Jersey, who says: "What women need to put roses in their cheeks and the springtime of life into their step is not cosmetics or stimulating drugs but plenty of rich, pure blood. Without it no woman can do credit to herself or to her work. Iron is one of the greatest of all strength and blood-builders, and I have found nothing in my experience so effective for helping to make strong, healthy, red-blooded women as Nuxated Iron."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

Miss McKinley has a voice of unusual quality and it was following her work singing for the soldiers that she became weakened and run-down and had recourse to Nuxated Iron. Once more in superb physical condition, Miss McKinley says she is convinced that Nuxated Iron has no equal as a Strength, Health and Blood-Builder

The Box of Bewilderment

(Continued From Page 13)

way. Halsey could see lying on the bed a young fellow with light blond hair, studious ascetic face with a scar on the chin, gazing absently up at the ceiling. On the stand near him was a magazine and a pair of hornshell glasses. He was thin and white, as tho he had been thru some unusual siege of illness. He caught sight of them in the open doorway and smiled. "Looking for any one, gentlemen?" he asked cheerily. "In the wrong room, aren't you?"

Baxter advanced a few steps. "We're looking for Mr. Clifford——" Again he paused uncertainly, "—Proctor."

A faint smile seemed to hover over the face of the man on the bed. "Then—then—come in. I guess you—I guess you want to see me. What can I do for you?"

Baxter turned to Halsey. He nodded toward the open door. "Close the door, Halse, and bring over a chair for yourself."

Halsey closed the room door quietly and brought over a chair, which he placed next to one which Baxter had drawn up to the bedside. He dropped into it. The man in the bed looked on curiously, wonderingly, but said nothing. Finally Baxter spoke in his direction.

"Baxter is my name. I have some rather startling news for you, Mr. Hemingway. The——"

The man on the bed gave a short, sharp whistle "You're from Wen Proctor then? I see you know my name."

Baxter nodded. "Yes. But my news concerns Wen Proctor." He paused. "Mr. Proctor died very suddenly yesterday afternoon. He left orders before he passed away to deliver over a certain sealed envelope to you—in this hospital under the name of Clifford Proctor."

"Great—Scott!" murmured young Hemingway, apparently realizing for the first time the import of the news. "Wen Proctor—dead! And suddenly? Good Lord—how—how did it happen? And when? And——"

"I don't feel that I ought to excite you by giving you more than the bare facts at present," declared Baxter firmly. "You are apparently not well yet. You are——"

"Recovering from an operation for appendicitis," said the younger man curtly. "And Proctor is dead?" He shook his head unbelievingly. "Well—that—sends some of my plans sky high. What about that envelope he told me he'd lock in his safe? When will I get it?"

"As soon," Baxter smiled, "as you explain to myself and Mr. Halsey here, a friend of your sister's, just why you're Clifford Proctor instead of Clifford Hemingway."

Young Hemingway turned his sunken eyes on Halsey. "You know sis, do you? Acquainted with Loris?"

Halsey nodded. Like Baxter, however, he had no intention of exciting the patient by giving the sensational details either of that acquaintanceship nor of the violent end of Proctor. "Yes, indeed. We're acquainted. She's in town, and will be over to see you today."

Hemingway wrinkled up his forehead. Apparently he was puzzled, but appeared willing to relegate the solution of things until such time as his visitors saw fit to explain.

"Well," he said slowly, "as to why I'm here under the name of Proctor, I might as well tell you if Wen is dead. Wen was to be associated with me in a certain venture concerning a tremendous chemical and industrial discovery—I won't go into details. He held a contract with the hospital here to do all their outside analytical work along toxicological lines and so forth. Contract read that, during the time it was in force, he was to have free medical attendance and hospital care for any of the members of his family. But Wen, you know, didn't have any family, and when this old appendix of mine began to swell up, and the doctor said it would have to come out in a hurry, Wen fixed matters up with me to come over here and have the cutting done, but to come in under the name of Proctor—supposedly his brother—and get some benefit out of that contract of his. As a result we've had to pay for the actual operation, but the attendance and room rent has been free. Deception, I guess, but what's a fellow to do when he hasn't any money?" He paused. "And say—I've had some tough time of it—complications, adhesions, and what not. If it hadn't been for using Wen's arrangement, I'd never have been able to foot all the expenses But they say I can get out next week That's all, gentlemen, can you tell me anything of Proctor's affairs? There's an important document inside that envelope that's in his safe—so important that he gave me a receipt for it. How soon will it be turned over to me?"

Baxter smiled. "This afternoon if you want it. Don't worry about it. Everything's all right," he added. "Proctor's conception of a safe was a little different than most people's—but everything's all right. Be assured of that. Some invention in explosives, wasn't it?"

Hemingway nodded. "He told you, did he? All right then. Please look out for my interests on the outside, if you will. And I'll have sis on the job the minute she comes."

At this juncture Halsey addressed a few more words toward the convalescent. "I daresay I may put in a brief explanation now," he ventured. Whereupon he told the man on the bed briefly about his coming into thirty shares of Eastern Electric stock, and of the efforts of the Consolidated Electric to get just exactly that one and a half per cent so that they could absorb the bigger part of the value of the stock in the possession of the other stockholders. Hemingway's eyes grew wider and wider as he listened. And Halsey finished: "So now I've put the situation right to you, before they put it to you wrong. I'd like to get a voting option from you for my uncle to make sure that we're all lined up to protect each other. I want it now, if you can give it to me." He paused, and then added adroitly: "As to a certain venture of yours and Proctor's to develop and manufacture a chemical discovery, please remember that the Eastern Electric has a big plant, several laboratories, financial backing, and all the power in the world to develop anything that's good. You're now a stockholder in the E. E., and the E. E. doesn't confine itself altogether to the electrical field, you know."

The young fellow's eyes lighted up enthusiastically. "That's bully," he declared. "And I've got the process, all right, all right. With Wen Proctor gone I'd have had to hunt all over creation again to find some one who meant business with me. There was a promotor down in the Old Colony Building in this town who fiddled and fooled around, and pretended that——" He stopped. "But that won't interest you, I guess. Draw up your voting option, and I'll put on my John Hancock now. I'm for you, believe me."

HALSEY lost no time. Thru the open window he heard a news wagon swing up to the curbing of the outside street, and he heard the familiar smash of a bundle of papers hitting a corner stand, the garbled cry: "Firs' 'dition," and he knew at once that the facts of McCollom's confession relative to the Proctor death were now public property. This being so, the Consolidated Electric people, located in the business section where the first runs from the presses were long since on sale, in all likelihood knew the facts already. Hurriedly he jerked from his notebook a blank leaf and wrote rapidly on it with indelible pencil. When he had finished, it read:

> I, Clifford Hemingway, in consideration of one dollar in hand to me paid, convey and deliver to Roger Halsey, president of the Eastern Electric Corporation, the right to vote my stock in said corporation at all stockholders' meetings held during the next three months
>
> Signed, ...
>
> Witnessed . . . .
>
> Date ....
>
> Time, 10:20 a. m.

Halsey handed it to the younger man, who scanned it and signed it at once with the indelible pencil. The latter handed it back and thrust out his thin forearm

"The dollar, please," he said in a genial tone. "I hate to confess it, but I'm—well—I'm stony broke." But instead of accepting it as Halsey withdrew it from his billfold, he waved it a[illegible]. "Wait—never mind me. Buy the [illegible]gest single American beauty rose you can with it and place it with my card on the coffin of the best and truest-hearted fellow that ever lived on this old toadstool, Wen Proctor. Do that for me if you will."

"I will," replied Halsey. "He was my friend, too." He turned to the newspaperman with the paper, "Artemus, will you put your name on this? And the date? And also note the time?"

Baxter with a glance at his watch and at the time notation, signed it carefully on the blank line left for that purpose, and jotted in the date. Then he arose, as did Halsey. The latter thrust

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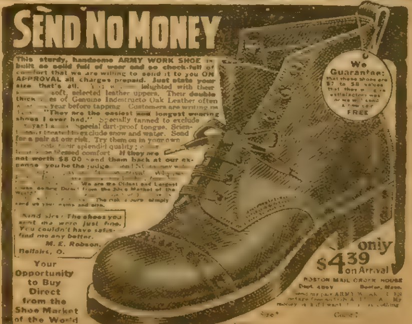

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out his hand to the man on the bed.

"Thank you, Mr. Hemingway. I'll do all that you ask and I'll see that Mr. Halsey, my uncle, gets this within the next hour or so. And hurry up and get well, so that you can connect up our company and your process. We'll be in to see you again, and your sister, I think, will be in this afternoon." And he turned just in time to step aside for a nurse coming in with a tray bearing the customary mid-morning cup of chocolate. "Good-by, Mr.——" He smiled. "—Proctor!"

He and Baxter left the floor. As they stepped from the elevator downstairs and passed the desk, a man who had alighted from a taxicab outside brushed past them and stepped up to the hospital clerk.

"A. L. Levenson, of the Consolidated Electric Company, is my name," he informed the latter brusquely. "I want to speak immediately with Mr. Clifford —er—Proctor, a patient here."

Baxter smiled to his companion as they drove straight on toward the entrance of the hospital. But on the outsides he spoke.

"Just in time, Halse. I told you they'd be down on the trail the minute that murder stuff got into print. But you've got your voting option now, and that checkmates 'em to a finish."

They proceeded east to Clark street where they boarded a car for the Loop. There they dismounted in front of the Otis Building and went up together in the elevator to the tenth floor. Halsey led the way down the corridor and turned the handle on the door of his uncle's private offices. Babson, frigid as ever in his official authority, looked up at them as they entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Halsey," he grunted. "Come to see your uncle?" He pressed a button imbedded in his own little table. "Just go right in. He's at leisure."

Halsey led the way thru the swinging wooden gate into his uncle's office. He held open the door for Baxter to enter and then closed it behind them. "Uncle, Mr. Artemus Baxter, a veteran newspaperman—the one individual who helped me immeasurably to secure the voting privilege on thirty shares of stock held by Clifford Hemingway." He fumbled in his pocket and withdrew the paper Hemingway had signed only fifteen minutes before.

The old man took it up and stared at it thru his gold-rimmed glasses. "Bless—my—soul!" he exclaimed. "And you located our man?" He rose and thrust out his hand. "Mighty pleased to meet you, Mr. Baxter. I've suddenly conceived a respect for newspaper men that I've never felt before. Where and how did you locate him? Sit down—both of you."

The two younger men drew over chairs. Then followed the long story, replete to the last detail, part of it supplied by Baxter, part by Halsey. At the conclusion there was a lengthy pause. Roger Halsey finally spoke.

"Then the mystery is wholly solved, with the exception of the murder of this Mr. Proctor over on the north side. If McCollum or Terrozas, this Mexican spy, did not commit it, then who did? There is no clew?"

Carr Halsey stared out of the window over the sea of skyscrapers. "As I told Baxter a while ago in my rooms," he said slowly, "the outcome of things has changed my views entirely. It looks as tho I must divulge to the police—and consequently to the public—a secret of Proctor's life that otherwise would never have passed my lips, were he living or dead. But now—well—I see no other way out of it. It is no time for concealing facts."

He paused a long while and then went on:

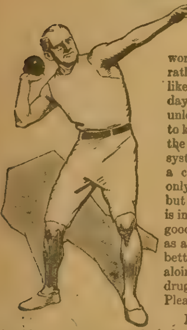
"Wen Proctor and I went to college together, as I believe I mentioned to both of you. In fact we roomed together, up to and including the time he was taken down with typhoid fever. The poor fellow didn't have much money, and while we had a nurse during the day I used to sleep on a camp cot in the room at night and get up if he called for anything. There were three or four nights during his sickness when he was pretty bad; delirium, high fever, babbled all night." He paused.

"There were strange facts he used to let slip in his ravings—pieces and fragments concerning 'hanging,' 'prisons,' 'fathers,' certain names, and what not. After Proctor recovered from his illness I quizzed him about those fantastic fragments he had babbled forth over and over in his delirium. Finally he took me into his confidence and told me the truth—reluctantly, however. It seems that Proctor's father had been executed in Sing Sing Penitentiary many years ago for an atrocious crime. Of course, Proctor wasn't Wen's name; his name was really Wendell Cranston, but Wen couldn't go thru life with the stigma of being the son of a man who had been executed for a capital crime. Hence he had taken the name of Proctor when just a young fellow, and this terrible tragedy in his life now lay buried in the past.

"After Proctor recovered entirely from his sickness, I took the greatest of pains to show him that his revelation had made no difference to me. You see I had learned to know Proctor, the man, one of the squarest fellows that college ever projected across my life. You may rest assured that that matter of the execution of his father, John Cranston, didn't affect our relationship in the least. But there was a mighty peculiar complication involved: Proctor was engaged to be married to a young Southern girl. I know personally that he loved that girl better than he loved anything on earth; and that girl was no other than the only daughter of Prof. Charles Westwood, who startled the scientific world with his book, entitled, "The Absolute Proof of the Transmission of Criminal Characteristics Along the Male Side of the Family." In that ponderous tome, Professor Westwood almost proved, according to a few people, that the sons of criminals were also to become criminals in time to be. Of late—very late—Professor Westwood's proofs have begun to be attacked, but the fact nevertheless remains that Wen Proctor, or Wen Cranston, son of an executed criminal, and one of the squarest, straightest, most decent chaps that every lived, intended to marry the daughter of the man who believed and claimed to the world

Keeping Fit

BY DR. SAMUEL HAMILTON.



It is because of the war that the perfect physical man has all at once become the idol of the world. You can make of yourself, even rather late in life, almost anything you like. You are not going to get fit in one day, one month, or, perhaps, a year, unless you take enough outdoor exercise to keep the circulation going and practise the athlete's first principle—to keep the system *clean*. He does not give his body a chance to absorb poisons. He not only takes his cold shower, after exercise, but he knows a cleansing of the intestines is important, and he takes occasionally a good regulator and liver cleanser, such as a dose of castor oil, or, what is much better, a tiny pill made up of May-apple, aloin and jalap, and sold by almost all druggists in the land as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Keep the kidneys in good order also. Avoid too much meat, alcohol or tea. Drink plenty of pure water, preferably hot water, before meals, and drive the uric acid out of the system by taking "Anuric" (anti-uric-acid). This can be obtained at almost any drug store.

Send a bottle of water to the chemist at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and you will receive free medical advice as to whether the kidneys are affected. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headaches, dizzy spells, or twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism or gout; or sleep is disturbed two or three times a night. Take heed, before too late! Get Anuric (anti-uric-acid), for it will put new life into your kidneys and your entire system. Ask your nearest druggist for it or send Dr. Pierce ten cents for trial package of "Anuric'

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All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment. I want you just to **try** this treatment—that's all—**just try it.** That's my only argument.

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 20 years. I am President of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over **twelve thousand five hundred** Men, Women and Children outside of Fort Wayne have, according to their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

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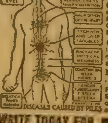
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"2 Drops of 'Gets-It,' Good-bye Corns!"

because of the new secret principle in the "Gets-It" formula. "Gets-It" does away forever with "contraptions," "wrappy" plasters, ointments that rub off, blood-letting knives, and scissors that snip into the "quick." "Gets-It" eases pain. It takes but a second or two to use "Gets-It." There's no fussing or trouble. It dries immediately. You put your stocking right back on again. Your corn will come off painlessly in one complete piece. That's common-sense. It never fails.

"Gets-It," the only sure, guaranteed, money-back corn-remover, costs but a trifle at any drug store. M'f'd by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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Don't make the fatal mistake and neglect "Backache" or other occasional twinges of pain. Don't think that it will always "pass away." Find the weak spot that is the cause. It may be that they are the first warnings that the kidneys are not working properly and throwing off the poisons as they should. If this is the case, the less time wasted in remedying the defect the better for you.

Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules will soon dispel your aches and pains and chase out of your system the uric acid poison which is generally at the bottom of them. Take a capsule or two each day for a while after your health has been restored and prevent a return of your trouble. The old-fashioned Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules is the National remedy of Holland for bodily ills. Get them at any drug store, but insist on Gold Medal. In sealed packages, three sizes.

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You can get this fine Wrist Watch or other beautiful watch guaranteed for 5 years. Also Lace Curtains, Rogers' Silver Sets, fine Lockets, La Vallieres and many other valuable presents for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10 cts each. Order 20 pictures when sold send [illegible] and choose premium wanted, according to big list. MAY ART CO., Dept. 17, CHICAGO.

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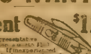

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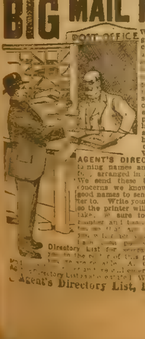

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably [illegible] manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake. Be sure to give your street number and [illegible] to [illegible] We [illegible] Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the [illegible] of this paper [illegible] Directory List [illegible] Write to [illegible] Address Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

that every male descendant of a male criminal was branded before his birth. Professor Westwood would never have sanctioned the marriage; as for the girl herself, she had probably imbibed many of her father's views. Yet to have had her learn the secret of his life or to have had to give her up would have been truly a death blow to Wen Proctor." Halsey paused again. "After graduation we got separated, and I saw him only on and off, at intervals of perhaps six months or more. And the last time I saw him, previous to the time I called at the laboratory, he was worried to death."

At this point in Halsey's strange story of his dead friend, the two other men were leaning forward drinking in every word. He looked from face to face, almost regretting that he had had to divulge the facts, and then continued:

"Yes," he repeated, "Wen Proctor was worried. It seems he hadn't married the girl in Dixie yet, for she was with her father in the South. But they were arranging to be married within another year. And now poor Wen was being blackmailed. There was a man, second cousin or something, who knew that Wen Proctor was Wen Cranston, son of John Cranston, the executed criminal, and who also unfortunately knew that Wen was about to marry a girl, daughter of the scientist who claimed to the world that every criminal's child was also a criminal. This man was an inveterate stock exchange gambler—spent everything he earned in gambling on margins. Again and again he had come to Proctor and had held him up for money, thru the threat of telling the Southern girl whom Wen loved so well the unfortunate secret of his life."

Halsey stopped and fumbled in his pocket.

"Now there's another factor in this murder case that thus far no one has commented on. I refer to the fact that the handle of the stone pestle was smeared with the blue Mazoru-Ikeuna, and yet lay on the stone ledge wholly out of the undulating line made by the viscid dye. I make the suggestion, therefore, that during the fight between Proctor and McCollum, the test tube of Mazoru-Ikeuna got smashed and the contents running along the slate slab met the pestle, thus accounting for the smearing of it. And afterward—But before I proceed, read first what the encyclopedia says of the stuff. I copied it out yesterday afternoon." He handed over to Baxter the old envelope on the back of which was written in pencil:

> Mazoru-Ikeuna: A vivid and rich Japanese dye, blue in color, made from the juice of the ikeu berry, grown in the southern part of the Islands. Literally translated it means "Twin-marker," for the juice of the ikeu berry is known to have been used by old Japanese physicians as far back as the fifteenth century in marking newly born twins so that the first born could be distinguished from the second born. Mazoru-Ikeuna, in contact with the invisible excretions of the pores of the human flesh, forms a powerful green stain that no chemical or soap will remove. On Japanese babies, marked with the juice of the ikeu berry, the marks remain for a year or more. On human flesh stained accidentally with the commercial dye, nothing will remove the marks but time and the gradual renewal of the skin cells by metabolism. See Hupp: Commercial Dyes of the World.

Baxter, finishing the paper, handed it to Roger Halsey. When the latter looked up from the last line, Carr Halsey went on:

"If McCollum's story is correct, may we not assume the following: After he went downstairs, directly following the fight in the laboratory, Wen Proctor's distant relative, who had been blackmailing him for several years, came up to the laboratory to get more money. But Wen, excited and hot under the collar after what had just happened, refused point blank to give out any more. Words followed in this case as in the other. The new visitor grabbed up the pestle lying on the shelf in the pool of blue liquid—and just at nineteen minutes to three lunged forward and smashed in Proctor's skull. Then he ran from the place, terrified, probably, at what he had done.

"If this is true," Halsey continued emphatically, "then that pestle, the handle of which was smeared with the Mazoru-Ikeuna, must have stained the whole palm of the hand that struck the blow. The problem therefore remains: Find in this city one man who cannot account for his whereabouts yesterday between certain hours; who is addicted to playing the stock market; who carries on his right palm one or more green stains which neither water nor acid nor alkali will remove. If so, then——"

His words were interrupted by Babson, who tiptoed in and laid on the older Halsey's desk a file of letters, held together by a brass clip. "Here are the letters you wished, Mr. Halsey," he said deferentially.

"Thank you, Babson."

The latter turned to leave, but stopped as Roger Halsey called: "Just a minute."

"By the way, Babson," he said not unkindly, "will you please remember that the lunch hour of all Eastern Electric employes, whether in the plant or offices, is from 12 to 1? Mr. Bruce, the timekeeper, tells me that you rang in day before yesterday at nearly 3. Please don't let it happen again, Babson." And as by a sudden recollection of something he added: "And another thing, Babson. I must request you not to use my private wire any more in the future for communicating with such a notorious bucket shop as Puckly and Hummer. That's all. You may go."

"Yes, sir," mumbled Babson contritely. He turned awkwardly toward the door and passed out of the tiny room. But as the door closed behind him all three men started forward in their seats, staring toward the departing figure. The last glimpse of his right hand as it left the doorknob showed a great, vivid, green stain that covered the whole palm and even ran up the wrist a short distance.

A deathly silence followed his exit. Each of the three men looked at each other. And suddenly the stillness was broken by Baxter, speaking in a grim voice:

"Better lift the receiver of that phone near you, Halse, and call Main 13, Police Headquarters. We've found the man who killed Wendell Proctor!"

The End.

Prune-time Pleasantries.

"WELL, I've got one for you this morning," said the man with the red necktie, breezing into the breakfast room. "Why is a woman like a flivver?"

"'Cause she costs a lot of money," suggested the blonde typewriter.

"Wrong," came from the conundrum propounder.

"Because she has good lines," came from a flivver owner.

"Nix," replied the man, between prunes.

"Because she knocks," was the effort of the bank cashier.

"No, you've all got to back up," said the man behind the red tie. "Listen: Because she rattles along so."

* * *

His Description.

"WRITE out an ad for that Elm street residence," said the slangy kid's new employer. "It has built-in buffet, bay window on the south, disappearing beds, combination gas and electric chandeliers, maid's room in the basement, fireplace in the library, lawn, flower beds and henhouse."

Ten minutes later the kid handed in the following: Permanent bar, alderman's pantry on the sunny side, vanishing dream-teasers, combination wind burners and current bushes, maiden's bower below the frost line, Santa Claus entrance to the bookshop, work for father, daisy sleepers and egg factory.

"As We Were."

TIME: Any old vacation night.

Scene: Moonlight thru the honeysuckle vine.

Characters: Two and a porch swing.

She (moving from him. Show of emotion, etc.)—"Oh! Why did you kiss me? What right——"

He (his erring arm now caressing the soft pine of the porch swing)—"I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't have done it. I—don't know how it ever happened. Really, I apologize. I'm sorry."

She (moving toward him. Show of emotion, etc.)—"And what were we talking about when you kissed me?"

* * *

He Got the Truth.

MR. BARRY heard that his son George was leading a very fast life at college. He wrote and reproached him, but the son strenuously denied all the charges. The father, not being satisfied, decided to make an unexpected visit to the son's boarding-house, and went up to the city accordingly.

When he rang the bell at the boarding-house the door was opened by a grim-faced landlady, who asked him snappily what he wanted.

"Does George Barry live here?" asked the father.

"He does," replied the woman, grimly, "bring him in."

* * *

No Joke at That.

"IT SAYS here that the world is not revolving as fast as it did 10,000 years ago," said the Old Fogy, as he looked up from the magazine he was reading.

"Maybe not," commented the Grouch. "But it goes around fast enough to satisfy a man who has a note to meet and no money to pay it."

Your Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to **Sun, Dust** and **Wind** quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy**. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For **Book of the Eye** free write **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.** h-13

Lottie danced till 3 A.M.

She had a lovely time, but how her feet ached and burned, when she got home. She knew what to use—

Mentholatum

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Always made under this signature A.A.Hyde

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It "rested" her tired feet

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Mentholatum is sold everywhere in tubes, 25c; jars, 25c, 50c, $1.

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Send the watch, chain and [illegible] I enclose $1 and if satisfied [illegible] pay [illegible] days after arrival and $2 monthly thereafter until the price, $19.98, is paid. Otherwise [illegible] return the articles and you will refund [illegible]

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Farmer Burns, [illegible] Omaha, Neb.

Stories for the Ledger Boys and Girls

Weenty Goes A-Nutting

"WELL," said Uncle Bert, "here we are."

The children—there were four of them—clapped their hands delightedly. Each child had a bag. Eddie's and Jim's were quite large, just like Uncle Bert's; Polly's was smaller because she was a girl and girls can't carry so much, and there was a very little bag for Weenty to suit her little self.

They were in the wood and all about them the tall trees seemed to go right up into the sky. The trees were chestnut trees and as you must have already guessed the party was out to gather the nuts.

"Now, Eddie, as you're the biggest I'll boost you up into the tree," Uncle Bert said, "and Polly can gather up the burrs - be careful of your fingers, too. Polly—Jim and I will open them, eh, Jim?"

"And Weenty?" asked four voices at once. Uncle Bert looked at Weenty, who stood waiting to hear what she should do.

"Dear me!" Uncle Bert cried, "what an oversight! Well, well. Weenty will have to be the lady of our party, 'm afraid she couldn't ever climb up a tree, and the burrs are so stickley—quite like porcupines—and I'm most afraid she could never open them, either. But I tell you! Weenty can keep the squirrels off, the rascals will make away with everything we have if somebody doesn't watch after them."

Of course, Uncle Bert was only joking, and Eddie and Polly and Jim laughed merrily at his joke. But little Weenty nodded her head till her curls bobbed.

"There's one this minute!" she cried as she espied two bright eyes peering from a funny furry face behind a tree stump.

Now, don't you chase them too far," Uncle Bert called as she ran towards the stump, "you might get lost. Now, Captain Eddie, let's see how nimbly you can climb my shoulders!"

Up went Eddie, down came the burrs. Polly took them up with bits of twigs, much to the amusement of the others and soon Uncle Bert and Jim were busily engaged in getting the nuts from the burrs with knives and stones.

Meanwhile, Weenty looked about the stump for the squirrel. He wasn't there, but she thought she saw a bushy tail wave out from behind another tree, farther on; she ran to the tree and sure enough there was the bushy tail just disappearing into a hole in the roots. She tried to look down in the hole, but it was ever so dark inside. When she put her ear down close, tho, she heard a little rustling and then, strangely enough, she heard a voice.

"Dear, dear," it said, "I was being chased."

"What! That old farmer's dog again! Chippy, you must be more careful and keep up on the trees."

"How can I ever get any nuts if I keep up on the trees?" Mr. Chippy asked

Well, Weenty found a flat stone was over half of the hole and she managed to pull it [illegible]. It made a place big enough to put her head in and there was a little ray of light coming from a chink in the darkness.

She put her finger in the crack and pulled it a bit. It seemed to be a little door and it opened into a little room. The strangest little room, all hollowed out of the ground and lined with moss Three little beds held three baby squirrels, fast asleep. Mr. and Mrs. Chippy sat at a table that had a lamp, or rather a basket of fireflys, in place of a lamp, on it.

They both looked toward the door in alarm when Weenty opened it.

"I declare that's it!" cried Mr. Chippy, "the thing that chased me." And he jumped up in an awful flurry.

Mrs. Chippy, however, did not seem a bit disturbed.

"Why, stupid" she cried 'that's a little girl! I saw lots of them when I lived in the city park. They gave me peanuts and never hurt me. I shouldn't wonder at all but that she chased you to give you some."

"Excuse me" said Weenty then, speaking in the littlest voice she could. 'I haven't any nuts just now but I'll bring you some, and I'm very glad you're not scared of me."

"My!" said Mr. Chippy, "it talks!" He stood in front of the three little beds. "[illegible] come in," he said.

I [illegible], anyway, Mr. Chippy I'm much too big even if I were invited. Did you really live in the park, Mrs. Chippy?"

"Yes [illegible] very friendly with all [illegible] children I was," Mrs. Chippy answered. [illegible] Mr. Chippy has always lived in the country, so you [illegible] [illegible] the good children brought us we could hardly store them all, but here we have to gather them ourselves for the winter. Mr. Chippy [illegible] busy all day [illegible] my pantry.

She opened a little door and there was a tiny cupboard with a neat pile of [illegible] ready in it

"Mr. Chippy is a good provider," said Mrs. Chippy.

"Yes, I am" Mr. Chippy agreed, quite proudly "and yesterday I saved Mrs. Chippy and Anna Frederick and Mary's lives."

"Really" Weenty asked, "what happened? A fire?"

"No, you could never guess," and Mr. Chippy looked very mysterious. Mrs. Chippy told.

"A porcupine came here and started to dig down our door. Oh I was frightened. He would have eaten up Anna and Frederick and Mary, I haven't a ghost of a doubt."

"Goodness!" Weenty exclaimed.

"And he had his great nose just where you have your nose this minute," Mr. Chippy said, "when I took my trusty hawthorn club and hit him right on it."

"Yes" Mrs. Chippy puts in, "and he took it away quick enough you may believe, but he was terribly angry and said he would come back again."

"He's just full of spines," Mr. Chippy said, "and if he once touches you he'd prick—oh, how he'd prick!"

Just then Weenty felt a tremendous prick on her leg.

"O-o-o-o-o-o!" she cried, "he's here now. O-oo, and he's putting his spines in me!" and out of the hole she pulled her head in time to see Uncle Bert, Eddie, Polly and Jim come running toward her

"What's up?" Uncle Bert cried. "What's the matter with our poor little Weenty?"

"A porcupine" Weenty began, when Eddie gave a great laugh.

"It's a burr," he said, "see here it is. You must have rolled on it. You've been sleeping again Miss Drowsy Eyes!"

"No," Weenty said, "I really did see some squirrels; they're in here and oh, Uncle Bert, do let me have some nuts to give them, won't you please. I can pour them right down this hole then I'll fix this stone nice and tight so nothing can get in bigger'n a squirrel." She meant a porcupine, but she was afraid Eddie would laugh if she said so.

"So you've been making friends with the squirrels, have you?" Uncle Bert asked. "Well, I suppose it's just as good, isn't it? And if we come into their woods to get nuts it's only fair to give them some, I'm sure."

"Here's a handful from my bag."

"And mine."

"And mine."

"And mine."

Said Eddie, Polly and Jim.

"And an extra offering for Weenty to give," said Uncle Bert with another handful.

"And another."

"And another."

"And another."

Said Eddie, Polly and Jim again.

"I guess the country squirrel will like us as well as the park ones soon," Weenty said, which was quite true, for kindness and generosity are sure to make friends everywhere.

*

Got a Ducking.

Mrs. Youngbride—"These eggs I got here yesterday look queer. I believe they're ducks' eggs, not hens' eggs."

Grocer—"Ducks' eggs, ma'am? You are mistaken. We don't sell ducks' eggs."

Mrs. Youngbride (firmly)—"But I am not mistaken. I tested them. I dropped them into water and they floated."

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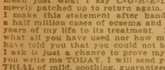

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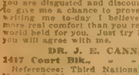

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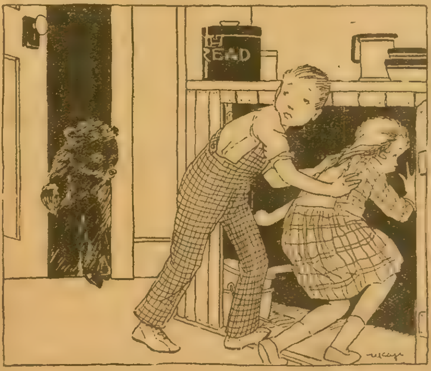

Charlie Suddenly Gave Her a Push From Behind.

"COME on, Charlie!" called Virginia. "I'm going over to Morgan's now!"

She took Bobolink's bridle down and then she noticed how queerly the pony was acting. "Charlie!" she called, hearing a noise. "Quit your fooling. I hear you up there in the loft!"

Rustle, rustle! Thud, thud! Bobolink tossed his head and rolled his eyes. Was that Brother Charlie in the loft? Virginia looked up and then her heart stood still, for she saw a big black shaggy foot with long sharp claws, on the top rung of the ladder. You should have seen Virginia run! She bumped into her brother in the yard.

"For the love o'Mike!" he cried "What's up?"

"There's a-a-animal in the b-b-barn!" panted Virginia. "It has black feet and claws."

"Oh, I say!" Charlie replied. "You're seeing things. You're scared because Mom and Dad are away."

He stepped to the barn door and peeped in. Everything was quiet except the pony who was stamping and rustling about in his stall. Charlie stepped inside to speak to him and Virginia followed timidly wondering if after all it was only "imagination" that had scared her. But suddenly she saw a black bear scuffling across the floor. He ran between them and the door and then stood up on his hind legs and looked at them with a quizzical expression.

"Quick, the loft!" shouted Charlie, grabbing his sister's hand.

Up scrambled the children while the bear said "Woof!" and slapped the air with his big paws

Charlie ran and got a rope, tied one end with a "square knot" to a rafter and threw the other end out of the little window in the loft. "We'll have to slide down and get into the house," he said.

Virginia was a plucky girl and she did not care to stay with the black bear, so she managed to slide down the rope to the ground altho she skinned her hands. Charlie then slid down just in time because the bear was coming up the ladder puffing and blowing like a fat old gentleman. As the children reached the house they saw the black bear squeeze out of the window and come sliding down the rope after them and you may be sure they ran in and bolted the door after them. Virginia ran to the telephone while Charlie rescued their pet cat who was crying at the pantry window.

"I'm going to call up the Clovers—that's where Mom and Dad are," Virginia said. "Hello! Hello! Who is this? Oh, Nancy, is my Mom and Dad there? No? Oh, dear! Where did they go? Out driving in your new auto? Mercy me! Why yes, there's a big black bear in our back yard and it growled and chased us. Please tell Dad as soon as he gets back. Goodby."

"We'll lock up the house tight and wait till somebody comes," said Charlie smoothing down Puss' fluffed-up back. "Don't be scared."

But he was scared himself when he remembered that the front window upstairs over the porch was unlocked and open.

"Oh, Charlie!" Virginia cried. "I hear a noise upstairs."

"I bet the bear has gotten in the window," Charlie replied. "Let's lock ourselves in the kitchen."

They locked the doors leading to the pantry and to the dining-room, but they forgot the cellar door so excited they were. "Now, we're safe!" Virginia said, and they stood listening. All was still upstairs and down. "I might put on some hominy for supper," said Virginia, who was a practical little soul. She had just opened the little low closet where the pots were kept to get out a double boiler for the hominy when Charlie suddenly gave her a push from behind. She tumbled down among the pots and pans and Charlie squeezed in after her, calling: "Here, Puss!"

The cat sprang into the closet with the children and Charlie slammed the door shut.

"Oh, Virgie," he said, "the bear is in the kitchen. He came in by the cellar door, which we forgot to lock!"

They sat as still as two mice listening to the bear rummaging around Then he heard a "Woof! Woof! Snuff, snuff!" and "Scratch, scratch!" "Gracious!" screamed Virginia. "It's trying to get in here."

Sure enough! He was. There was no knob on the inside of the cupboard door and no way to hold it shut. In a moment the bear would have the catch off and the children would be at his mercy. Just then there was a loud rapping at the kitchen door. The bear paused, snorted and then scampered away. Charlie hurried out of his retreat and opened the back door. There stood a dark, short man with black curly hair, who doffed his hat and said: "You gotta da bear?"

"Yes, yes," replied Charlie. "He's in the house. Won't you please take him away?"

"Heem vera bad." said the man

"Come out, Virgie!" called Charlie "This man owns the bear and I guess it's a tame one anyhow."

Out she came, drying her eyes, for she had had a bad fright.

They followed the man down the cellar, where the bear sat on a barrel feasting on pickled peaches

"Garibaldi!" shouted the owner "I shamed of you! Coma mitha!"

The bear obeyed quite meekly, shaking his comical head from side to side. He seemed very tame and as the man carried a hand organ the children decided he must be a trick bear.

"I vera hungry," the man said, smiling and showing his fine white teeth.

"I'll make you tea," Virginia said "Come up to the kitchen."

Down they all sat around the kitchen table to tea, jam and bread and butter and cookies, Charlie and Virginia opposite each other with the bear and the organ grinder at either side. The man said that his bear could dance and they had been going around to fairs and had done very well. It was thus the parents found them when they returned and all the mother could say was, "My lands!"

But when she went upstairs and found that the bear had tried all the beds, leaving his big footprints and black hairs on the spreads, and when she peeped into her pantry and found the molasses jar upset and her apple pie eaten, she remarked:

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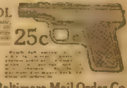

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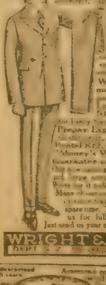

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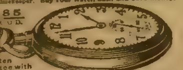

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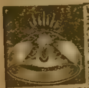

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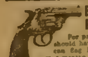

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The Governor's Dilemma

By Harold Carter

[Copyright.]

THE governor was not playing the game as it should be played. That much was common talk at the capitol. It was all very well for him to take up an attitude of opposition to Boss Lloyd, but why had he run for governor under Lloyd's auspices? He must have known Lloyd was not giving away something for nothing.

There were some who justified the governor in claiming that a man cannot get into political life at all unless he is willing to accept some shady backing. But Governor Peters had swung round the minute he took the oath of office, announced that he meant to be the "People's Governor," and fought Lloyd tooth and nail, and fought him to a standstill.

Peters had been Boss Lloyd's lawyer in the old days. He knew the secret tragedy of his life. Peters' wife had left him a few years after their marriage, taking with her their only child, a boy. Lloyd, with all his influence, had never heard of her again, had never set eyes on her since that day. Peters had still been trying to discover her when Lloyd nominated him for office.

Peters had been a very quiet man. Few knew him; it was not till the papers were full of the life story of the new governor that it was known he was a married man, with a son at the State university. Lloyd, in particular, had not known. When he knew he set to work to get Peters in leading strings. And he had him. He exulted as he walked up the hall toward the executive offices. He did not wince when Governor Peters kept him waiting half an hour while he chatted with an old negro nurse, tho other men would not have kept him waiting at all, and would have broken off any other interview immediately.

AT LAST Lloyd was admitted into the governor's office. He sat down, triumph upon his face. Peters looked at him inquiringly. "Well, sir?" he asked.

"It ain't often I come here now, Mr. Peters," Lloyd began.

"Often enough for my requirements," answered the governor.

"Your requirements? Good Lord!" said the boss, breathing hard. "Ain't I made you, Mr. Peters? Do you suppose you'll stand anywhere when your term is thru? I could have sent you to the White House."

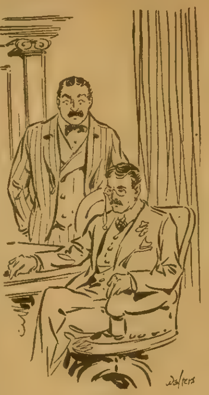
"What is the purpose of your visit?" demanded Governor Peters.

"I'm coming to that," answered Lloyd. "But I want to ask you, Governor, do you think you have treated me right since you've been in office?"

"I think so. Don't you?" asked Peters.

"No, sir!" Lloyd's fist thumped down on the desk. "When you ran on my ticket it was tacitly understood that you would support my policies."

"Which are to make as much as you can for yourself and your followers in the shape of contracts."



"He's Yours, Lloyd."

"You knew it when you ran."

"A wise man does not commit himself in the way you are trying to make me," answered the governor. "As your lawyer, Lloyd, I have done my best for you. As the people's lawyer—for that is what my job amounts to—I do my best for them. Now what have you come to speak to me about?"

"About the Hood bill," answered Lloyd. "The people don't care a rap about it. I'll go further. They're against it. They want the municipal forces in all the departments manned and staffed as they used to be. You say it wasn't fair? But it was fair. There wasn't a decent young fellow that couldn't get a job in the police or fire departments if he wanted one. Now you're going to make it a matter of competition in what? Brawn? Judgment? Courage? No, in book-learning. A man can be a fine scholar and not have sense enough to keep out of the rain, let alone be a policeman. That bill goes unsigned."

Boss Lloyd leaned forward and spoke earnestly.

"I know what you're going to say, that it ain't my business. But it is. I've got a hold on you, and if you sign that bill your son at the university goes to jail—yes, to jail, sir."

The governor started and looked keenly at the other. "What has he done?" he asked.

"You know what he's done. You know that woman up at the university that got a heap of students into trouble last year. You know he put his name to a bit of worthless paper, to buy her jewelry. You had the matter hushed up, but it's known. And there are the witnesses who'll swear to it. I tell you, governor, you can choose right now between signing that bill and saving your son."

Governor Peters drummed his hands on the desk. "Is that all?" he asked quietly, when Lloyd had finished.

"Well, ain't it enough?"

"You confess to having trapped him? You have been spying on the boy, luring him on to ruin me? That woman, Sadie Du Pas, is one of your people. Everybody knows who she is and what she has been. Every one knows she was paid by you. How will that look?"

"Look?" snorted Lloyd. "Why, I suppose people would say, 'that's a smart trick Boss Lloyd pulled off on the governor.' But they won't get a chance to say it, because you'll turn down that bill."

VERY deliberately Governor Peters stretched out his hand and took a document from his desk. With steady fingers he wrote his name at the bottom. "There's your answer, Mr. Lloyd," he said.

Lloyd sprang to his feet, his face white. "You—you've done it," he stammered. "All right. You'll see what mercy that kid will get. That's your last word, is it?"

"No," answered Peters. He rang a bell, and his secretary, a spectacled young fellow with sandy hair, came in. "Johnson," said the governor, "you heard all that?"

"Every word," replied the other.

"Have it prepared for the press exactly as it occurred, and explain why we used the dictaphone."

Boss Lloyd laughed contemptuously. "That won't go," he retorted. "I guess the people will think the laugh's on you, not me. A governor turned policeman and using a dictaphone to trap a caller! Maybe some one's used the dictaphone on you."

"Perhaps," said Peters. "Are you going to have the boy arrested?"

"What?" shouted Lloyd. "I'm going to send him to jail, and the news is going to be front-spaced on every Democratic paper in the State."

"I don't think so," returned Peters quietly. "I have no son."

"Say, that's something new, ain't it?"

"Not at all," said the governor quietly. "He's only an adopted son. His father wanted him, but, having found him, I thought it best to let him grow up unashamed. However, it seems to be in the blood, and I wash my hand of him. He's yours, Lloyd."

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The Doctor Knows.

Wife—"Everything you have you owe to me."

Hub—"That's what Dr. Brown says."

Wife—"Who's Dr. Brown?"

Hub—"The stomach and nerve specialist."

* * *

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Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and rosiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

A Useless Asset.

LADY—"Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?"

Tramp—"Madam, not to evade your question at all, but merely to obtain information, may I ask what practical utility moss is to a man in my condition?"

* * *

A woman never forgives a man for refusing to argue with her.

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Old Sea Captain Cured His Own Rupture After Doctors Said "Operate or Death."

His Remedy and Book Sent Free.

Captain Collings sailed the seas for many years; then he sustained a bad double rupture that soon forced him to not only remain ashore, but kept him bedridden for years. He tried doctor after doctor and truss after truss. No results! Finally, he was assured that he must either submit to a dangerous and abhorrent operation or die. He did neither! He cured himself instead.

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Capt. W. A. Collings (Inc.)
Box 191D Watertown, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Rupture Remedy and Book without any obligation on my part whatever.

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Don't Endure PILES

A Full Treatment of my mild, soothing remedy for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles sent on trial. If results are satisfactory costs you $1.50. If not, costs nothing. You are the judge. Write today.
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SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Desk J, Greensboro, N.C.

NELLIE'S LEGACY

By Carl Ardmore Bennett

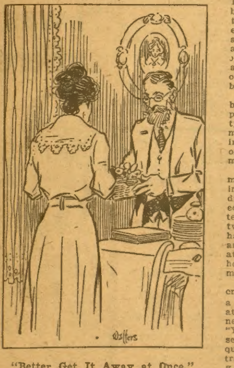
[Copyright.]

"AND this is for you, Nellie," announced old Peter Brierly. "Better get it away at once, for I'm going to pack up the rest of the things today."

"Thank you, Uncle Peter," responded sweet-voiced, gentle-faced Nellie Willett. "I certainly prize this memento of dear Aunt Janet."

"She left nothing of her own, you know, Nellie," pursued grasping old Peter, "and I'm not overburdened with this world's goods. I gave her brooch to your cousin, Mary. She's a liking for gimcracks and it pleased her. You're more practical, so the work basket will suit you best, see?"

Yes, Nellie did "see." She made no complaint, nor did she harbor any resentment against this niggardly donor. It was the contrast of this sordid relative with the angel-spirited wife he had lost that saddened her. She wondered, now that Uncle Peter was untrammeled by the careful, economical regime of his sensible better-half, how soon he would make ducks and drakes of the savings of years, for all he had was due to the hard work and practical sense of Aunt Janet.



"Better Get It Away at Once."

What he had given Nellie was his wife's old work basket. Nellie bedewed it with her tears as she received it. How often had she sat by the side of its former owner and watched her sew, mend and knit, tired out, overworked, but always sunny-hearted and smiling! The brooch for volatile, sparkling Mary, old Peter exhibited with pride. It was about the only present in the way of an ornament he had ever given his helpmate.

"Stingy! Oh, no name for it!" burst forth Mary, as the two girls left the home about to be denuded of its furnishings, its ambitious owner headed for the city "where a man of parts might make something of himself!" "To think of all that money and this miserly way of getting rid of his closest relatives! Oh, well! the brooch is rather pretty. It will set off that blue party dress of mine finely."

So Mary went on her way, her empty head full of vanity which brings vexation of spirit, and Nellie hers, the irksome duties of her lonely life lightened by the thought that the old familiar companion of the being she had loved best in the world, Aunt Janet, would always be at her side.

Nellie found an unexpected use for the contents of the work basket. Some new people had moved into the great rambling place next to them, which had stood idle for several years. There was a studious appearing man of about 30, an old lady, apparently his mother, and four small children. Nellie had learned that the name of the gentleman was Chester Dorsett, that he was single, in business in the city, and that the children belonged to a brother who, with his wife, was away on a vacation tour. Mr. Dorsett had come to the little country town to give the children an outing until fall, his aged mother undertaking their care.

"Such care!" more than once Nellie had exclaimed to herself as she saw the little ones running wild. One day Nellie was seated in the garden doing some mending, the cherished work basket by her side, when a bushey head adorned with tangled auburn ringlets full of burrs obtruded thru a break in the hedge.

"Did my ball roll here?" inquired the tiny midget of a girl.

"I haven't seen it, dear," answered Nellie, glad of company. She looked for the missing sphere, found it and handed it to her visitor. The latter was in dire disorder. Her tousled hair was secured by a ribbon tied in a hard knot, one pocket of her apron hung by a thread. There was a great tear in her dress. The little one was shrewd and prompt to observe the cynosure.

"Please, grandma was sick this morning and couldn't fix us up. She says we're awful children."

"You do need some attention," said Nellie. "I'd be glad to tidy you up a bit. Suppose we try."

Nellie found a willing subject. She combed out that gnarled head of hair, she plied her needle nimbly. She was quite proud of the transformation she had effected, when the little one went away all smiles and dimples.

They arrived about noon, little Betty heading the procession of four, her older brothers and the youngest sister in the group. Betty tendered a bouquet of daisies, the boys presented each a formidable mud turtle, and the smallest of the quartet held a squeezed fistful of half-ripe blackberries.

"Danny lost two buttons," explained little Betty, practical-minded and profiting from her memory of her earlier mending up.

Danny's garments were indeed in a forlorn condition, and needed immediate attention. The other two children also had various rips and tears in their attire. It was an hour of grand mending up.

"You dear, good creature!" spoke a grateful voice at the hedge the next morning. "Your kindly services have quite respectably transformed my grandchildren. How shall I thank you? My own hands and poor sight count for little with the needle."

Old Mrs. Dorsett became friendly and chatty in that first conversation. They grew well acquainted during the ensuing few days. An unending theme with Mrs. Dorsett was the goodness and loyalty of her son, Chester.

"So you are the fairy godmother who came to our rescue in behalf of our little horde of trouble makers," observed Mr. Dorsett, after his mother had introduced him to her newly found neighbor a week later.

And Nellie, plying her needle to mend a sad rent in little Danny's stocking, blushed and laughed and looked so charming in the eyes of the city-wearied man of business, that it influenced him to take a whole week's vacation.

There were little excursions down the river in which Nellie took part. There were pleasant chats in the garden when the romping quartet was off on a quest for berries and flowers, and suddenly one day it occurred to the well-to-do Mr. Dorsett that he was in love.

He told Nellie so frankly. As sincerely Nellie answered his appeal for her consideration.

"It all came of Aunt Janet's work basket," said Nellie.

"A fortunate legacy for me!" declared her loyal fiance heartsomely, and the humble old-fashioned basket fills an honored corner of their pretty home.

Hamilton NOW $5.50 Tires

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Never in tire history has such a cut in price been made. The cost of the HAMILTON TRIPLE TREAD TIRE is now reduced to ONE-FOURTH of your present tire cost. 50,000 satisfied customers testify to the endurance powers of the HAMILTON.

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Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tubes	Size	Tire	Tube
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32x3½	7.00	2.00	33x4½	10.00	2.85	35x5	12.50	3.50
31x4	8.00	2.25	34x4½	10.50	3.00	37x5	12.75	3.75
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as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous White Cloverine Salve, which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two Gold Shell Rings, according to offer in our Premium Catalogue which you receive with the Salve. Millions are using Cloverine for cuts, burns, etc.

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Dept. L 131, Tyrone, Pa.

BRAND NEW FORD TOURING CAR GIVEN

23	9	14	1	14
5	23	3	1	18

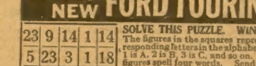
SOLVE THIS PUZZLE. WIN A FORD CAR

The figures in the squares represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B, 3 is C, and so on. The ten figures spell four words. Send the four words on a slip of paper with your name and address quick if you want to win. This makes six autos I have given away. My plan is so simple it is easy to win these prizes.

Prizes For All—Men, Women, Boys and Girls—Write Me Quick!

Besides the New Ford Car I am going to give away Superb Cabinet Phonograph, Bicycles, Watches, Kodak, Traveling Bag, Chest of Silverware, Dinner Set and Cash Rewards. No experience is required. You don't put up a penny or do any hard work. Just an opportunity to realize your ambition to have an Automobile all your own and a chance to get it in the easiest way imaginable. Dont let someone else in your neighborhood beat you to it, but act yourself. The quicker you act, the bigger your winning. Send me your answer to the puzzle with your name and address, without delay.

DUANE W. GAYLORD, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 71, CHICAGO, ILL.



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ADDILINE - 195 Arcade Building, - Columbus, Ohio

SUGAR 4½c A LB.

Send only $1.99 for the combination offer of high grade groceries shown below—regular value $3.39—a cash saving of $1.40, or nearly one-half! Every item in this list is guaranteed absolutely pure, fresh, standard, highest grade—exactly the same as you have been paying double for. It is the most sensational grocery offer of the age. These prices are merely an indication of what you can save on all your groceries, a full line of which is listed in our catalog. We will send you a Free copy with your first order. No catalogs sent to anyone except customers.

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BEAUTIFUL WILD ROSE DESIGN

As an extra inducement to you to give us a trial order at once, we will send you absolutely free the heavy silver-plated teaspoon illustrated here.

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Remember, that with your first order you get a free copy of our big wholesale catalog which saves you money on all your grocery purchases. Here are just a few catalog specials.

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5 pounds Granulated Sugar	$ .50	$ .22
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1 bar Fels Naptha Soap	.07	.02
1 pound Pure Baking Powder	.55	[illegible]
1 pound Pure Cocoa	.65	.45
¼ pound Black Pepper, ground	.25	.14
¼ pound Cinnamon, ground	.25	.15
¼ pound Ginger, ground	.25	.15
1 bottle Machine Oil	.25	.14
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—TRIAL ORDER COUPON—

Big 4 Grocery Co., Dept. 334
900-902 W. Lake Street Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find $1.99 for which send me at once your Trial Order No. 2. Send also your heavy silver-plated Teaspoon FREE, and a copy of your wholesale Grocery Catalog, also free. It is understood that if I am not satisfied, I may return the goods at your expense and you will return my money at once.

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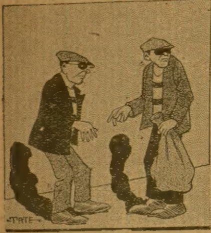
BIG 4 GROCERY CO. Dept. 334 900-902 W. Lake St. CHICAGO

HOT OFF THE JOKESMITH'S ANVIL

Their System.



First Robber—"Watch out, I think that policeman has heard us."

Second Robber—"Then call for help and he will walk the other way."

No Laughing Matter.

"What's become of the old-fashioned man who used to say that the first thing we knew reformers would pass a law making it a criminal offense for a man to kiss his wife?"

"Oh, he's still about here. He didn't really mean what he said then, but this anti-tobacco crusade has him so worried he's no longer making facetious predictions.

The Point of View.

Unmusical Father—"No, we haven't decided on a teacher for him yet. You see, his mother wants him to be trained to sing, and I should like him to be trained not to sing."

Wise Doctor.

Mrs. Knagg—"Did the doctor ask to see your tongue?"

Husband—"No; I told him about yours and he ordered me away for a rest.

Brain Teasers.

Pied Poem.

180—I ahve otn hwtela ro oewrp ro lskli
Ot racstadob lal ouradn;
Het rodwls dewi eifdl I yma tno lilt
Rno wsa tsi lafwlo rgnuod
Ubt telilt ptsos rae eehr nda hrete
Ciwhh I yam wede fo refgi ro acre.

Cat and Dog Race.

181—Darktown sporting circles are considerably exercised over the outcome of a cat and dog race, about the figures of which no two persons seem to agree. It appears that in a race of 64 yards from a post to a tree and back to the post that Sport springs 5 feet at every bound and Tabby only 3, but then she makes 8 jumps to his 5. What should be the result of the race?

Four Word Square.

182—1. Part of a plant.
2. The brink.
3. An intermittent fever.
4. To touch.

Queer Geography.

183—1. What country would be less than a foot in length if 1 should be taken away?

2. What country would have only one inhabitant—a man—if I should leave it?

3. What continent would have only one inhabitant—a man—if I should be taken away?

4. What State is half island?

5. What State is contained in what other State?

6. What State is only half land?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

176. Double Decapitations.

1. Abroad-Broad-Road. 2. Struck-Truck-Ruck. 3. Plover-Lover-Over. 4. Slink-Link-Ink.

177. Four Word Square.

H O M E
O P E N
M E A D
E N D S

178. Hidden Letter Puzzle.

Autumn leaves.

179. Nine Timeless "Tics."

1. Fran-tic. 2. Dras-tic. 3. Poli-tic. 4. Fantas-tic. 5. Domes-tic. 6. Mas-tic. 7. Pneuma-tic. 8. Sarcas-tic. 9. Didac-tic.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Couldn't Tell.

A certain statesman made a lengthy and impassioned speech on the Senate floor, touching an important measure under consideration. At the close of the session, as he was passing out, one of his constituents, who had occupied a seat in the gallery, approached him and said, rather reproachfully: "Ferguson, I was surprised that you so vigorously opposed that bill."

"Opposed it!" snorted the Senator, "why, man, I was arguing for it!"—Judge.

A Dressing-Room Dialogue.

First Chorus Girl—"So you've broken off the engagement. Did you give him back his ring?"

Second Chorus Girl—"Gracious! No. Diamonds have gone up since it was bought, so I offered to give him what he'd paid for it."

Rapid Progress.

For the fourth time a new baby had arrived at the home of Robert's sister, Nellie. When informed of the event one of his aunts told him in an impressive manner that he was now an uncle for the fourth time. Rather fussed, the little fellow answered: "Goodness me, if things keep on I'll soon be a grandpa."

Wild Speculation.

"Ever dabble in the market?"

"Well, the other day I got a hot tip that potatoes were due for a rise and I managed to buy three pecks and a quart before they jumped."

Perfection Attained.

Wife (house hunting)—"What a perfect view! It leaves me speechless."

Husband—"Good. I'll take the house on a ninety-nine year lease!"

The Reason.

Customer—"I should like to know why the potatoes at the bottom of the sack you sold me last week are so much smaller than those at the top."

Greengrocer—"Well, mum, potatoes is growin' that fast now that by the time a sackful is dug the last ones is about twice the size of the first!"

To Be a Kid Again

I'D LIKE to be a kid again, for just one summer's day
And throw away these guns and swords and run away to play
A-down the yellow orchard lane and by the river's brim,
And bring a line and fishhook, too, but first I'd have a swim.

And somehow, I imagine, that the swim would wash away
The rust and blood and canker and the many years' decay
Of images and idols and dreams of long ago,
And drench the world with star-drops in the way it used to glow.

And I'd watch the little ripples go swirling down to sea,
And speculate and marvel on the great man I would be;
And wonder what the big world held—the world awaiting me—
The world of silvery dream-dust—the world I couldn't see.

And then I wish the grimy shade of what I am today
Could steal beside the dreaming boy and watch him as he lay,
And see the velvet starshine in the clear, untarnished eyes—
The eyes that couldn't see the world—that only saw the skies.

—J. E. Molyneaux, in Life.

Our "Striking" Times.

The Father—"But have you enough money to marry my daughter?"

The Suitor—"Well, sir, at the moment I only get 300 francs a month, but by going on strike every other month for higher wages, I shall be getting 1,000 francs by the end of the year."

Handicapped.

Johnson—"I say, Jeems, dat chile o' yourn's mighty slow larnin' at school.

Jeems—"Yes, dat's 'cause de school am seben miles from heah, an' de chile fo'gits all de teacher say afo' he gits half way home."—Judge.

Household Hint.

Guest—"Your cook is perfection itself. How do you manage to keep her?"

Hostess—"We learned what dishes she likes best herself and we have those only."

Powder.

From Both—Silence.

From Him—"Is it all over?"

From Her—'No, just a little bit on your shoulder."

The Man of It.

A bachelor may be legal, but there is always something funny about him. In the case of an old maid, there is always the possible excuse that her lover died; but if a man wanted to get married he wouldn't pay any attention to a thing like that.

So It Is.

"Many a multimillionaire can tell you how he made his first dollar."

"But how many will tell you how they made their first million?"

"These days a question like that is more or less impertinent."

Flattery.

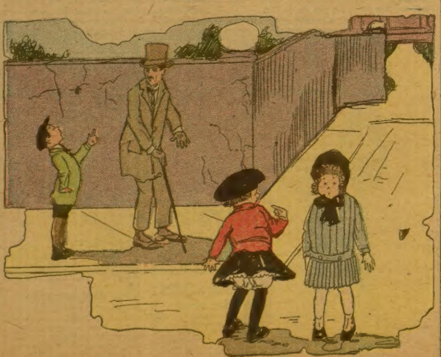
"Flattery," said Uncle Eben, "is generally a scheme foh easy money makin', wifout even goin' to de trouble of fixin' up a gold brick or a satchel of green goods."

Not Responsible for Both.

De Broke—"Since you refused me my life has been full of gall and bitterness."

Heiress—'Well, I'm not responsible for the gall—you had that before."

A FINANCIER



"Willie thinks he's awfully smart."

"Why?"

"Cos he got a cent somewhere, and now he asks everybody he meets if they can change a one."

"I was a silent sufferer from Piles"

How I Obtained Complete Relief In Two Days' Time By a Simple Method Anyone Can Easily Use at Home.

"Only a person afflicted with piles or other rectal disorders knows the torture of suffering in silence the smarting, itching and burning pains which drive one nearly to distraction, and I firmly believe that if I had not found the means to rid myself of this terrible agony I should today be the victim of anaemia, emaciation and nervous exhaustion.

"I am no longer young and before using the process which produced such a marvelous change I had been troubled by bleeding protruding piles almost continuously for more than seven years, and had tried almost everything under the sun without getting any benefit. When even an operation failed to relieve me I felt that my malady was incurable and completely lost faith in everything. Yet, within twelve hours after beginning the new process I was so encouraged by the improvement that I kept right on for another day. In two days' time the pains had gone, the protrusions had disappeared, the blood flow had stopped and now after many months there has been no sign of the return of the dreaded condition, and I feel better than I have in years. The process which did so much for me is called Cell-O-San. It is a new and truly wonderful scientific discovery for inflammatory conditions and to quote from a physician, who prescribes it, 'Piles are simply inflammation of the rectal veins and membranes. Inflammation, wherever it occurs, means that the normal condition of the cells composing the tissues and membranes in the human body, has been disturbed. The action of Cell-O-San is to penetrate the tissues and coat the living cells with a protecting and healing layer and thereby overcome the disorder. Cell-O-San is not a drug and is absolutely harmless; it can be easily used at home without the knowledge of anyone. The itching, bleeding and smarting is often relieved almost instantly and in many cases the trouble never returns."

You can order Cell-O-San through your druggist or receive it direct by sending your name and address with only one dollar to the Phoenix Pharmacal Co., 32 E. 23rd St., Dept. 8A, New York.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

SMALL CAPITAL BUYS GUARANTEED professional moving picture machine. Complete outfits on easy payments. No experience needed. Catalogue free. Monarch Theatre Supply Service, Dept. B., 420 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

EXTRA SPECIAL BARGAINS—COMPLETE moving picture outfits ready for work. Big money making proposition. Small capital starts you. Particulars free. Moving Picture Sales Co., 540 Plymouth Place, Dept. 6, Chicago.

COMPLETE MOVING PICTURE OUTFIT. Professional machine, film, screens, chairs, light plant. Easy payments. Large catalog free. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 22, 228 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

OLD COINS WANTED

WATCH YOUR CHANGE. WE OFFER FROM 10% to 1,000% premium on old cents, dimes, quarters, half dollars, dollars, etc. We buy all old coins and bills. Get posted. Send 4c for large illustrated coin circular. It may mean large profit to you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

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MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Hurdland, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS. BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone, tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

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Information--The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next. W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROCERY Store? You can handle, Sugar, Flour, Canned Goods, Dried Fruit, Coffee, and entire line of Groceries, as well as Paints, Roofing, Aluminum Ware and Automobile Oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any Bank or Express Co.

SALESMAN — SIDE OR MAIN LINE, TO sell low priced 5,000 mile guaranteed tires. 30x3½ non-skid sells for $11.95; other sizes in proportion. Good money making proposition for live wires. Write, Consolidated Tire Co., 616 So. Michigan, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

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